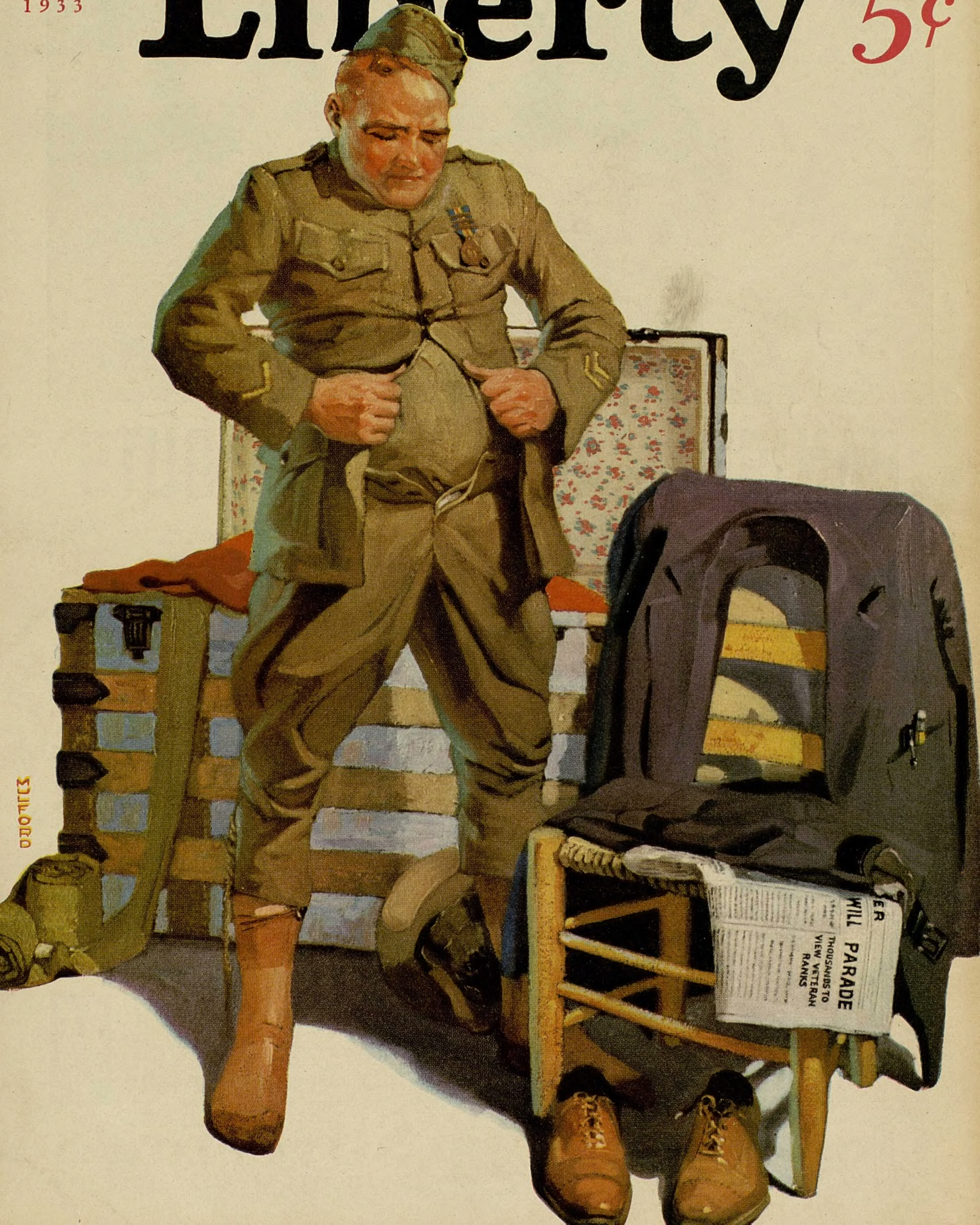
BEGINNING—**MARRIAGE DRUMS**

A TRUE TALE OF AFRICAN LOVE AND TREASURE

JUNE 3,
1933

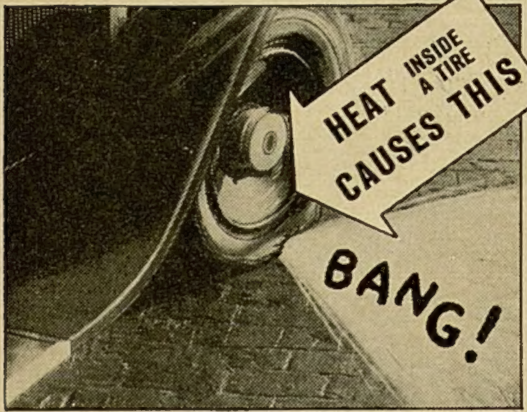
Liberty

5¢

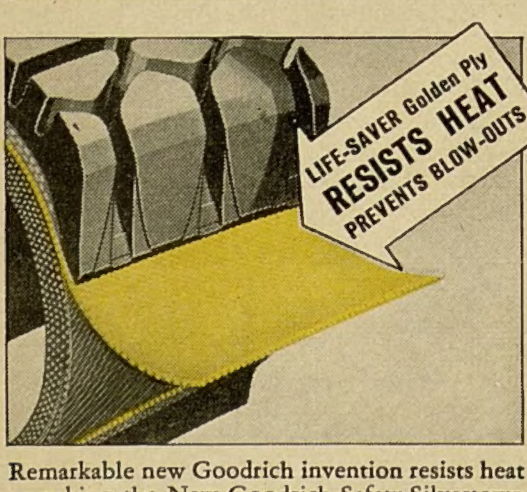

ER
WILL PARADE
THOUSANDS TO VIEW VETERAN RANKS

BANISH FEAR OF BLOW-OUTS

with this new, 3-times-safer tire


HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!

Heat generated by internal friction separates rubber and fabric—starts "blisters", which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out.


LIFE-SAVER Golden Ply RESISTS HEAT PREVENTS BLOW-OUTS

Remarkable new Goodrich invention resists heat—making the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

BANG! A blow-out! The rim of the wheel hits the road . . . And a terrible drag sets in . . . Like some unseen monster, pulling your car off the highway.

Has this ever happened to you? Investigation shows that the chances are better than even you'll have a blow-out *some* day—unless you use this new kind of tire!

What causes blow-outs

When the speedometer reads 40, 50, 60 and 70—mile after mile . . . the heat inside the tire becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . *inside the tire* where you can't see it . . . And grows. Like an insidious tumor it gets bigger . . . Until BANG! A blow-out. And you're headed for trouble . . . or worse!

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists terrific heat—rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. Blow-outs are *prevented* by overcoming the *very cause* of blow-outs before they *start.*

3 times safer at high speeds

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track, the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, lasted *three times as long* as first quality tires that did not have this feature. Proved itself three times safer from blow-outs. Other tires blew out at one-third the distance the new Silvertowns were run. These Silvertowns NEVER blew . . .

The way to be safe is to make sure you get this Life-Saver Golden Ply Tire. When *you* buy a tire, get a Silvertown . . . a Goodrich Safety SILVERTOWN. *It costs not a penny more than any other standard tire.*

Safest anti-skid tread

Scientific tests prove that the Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the most skid-resisting tread. Its squeegee drying action gives your car extra road-grip and reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

Put a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on *your* car now! Get *real* protection between you and the highway. For your children, your family, and yourself! Look up your Goodrich dealer's name in your classified telephone directory.

FREE! This handsome Safety League emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. No obligation—nothing to buy. Just join the Silvertown Safety League at your nearest Goodrich dealer. Traffic Officials endorse Safety League membership. Write today. Dept. 128, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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Summer Sun can Ruin HAIR!

WATER AND BLISTERING SUN MAKE A WRECK of your hair...parch away the necessary oils —leave it bleached, brittle, unmanageable!

BUT THE 60-SECOND WORKOUT WITH VITALIS corrects the parched tightness which endangers the health and looks of your hair!

COMBED AND BRUSHED, YOUR HAIR LOOKS GREAT ...smartly groomed, richly lustrous, healthy! And no "patent-leather" look about it!

Keep yours healthy and handsome...with VITALIS and the 60-Second Workout!

Hot sun, perspiration, and swimming are great for *you*—but tough on your hair!

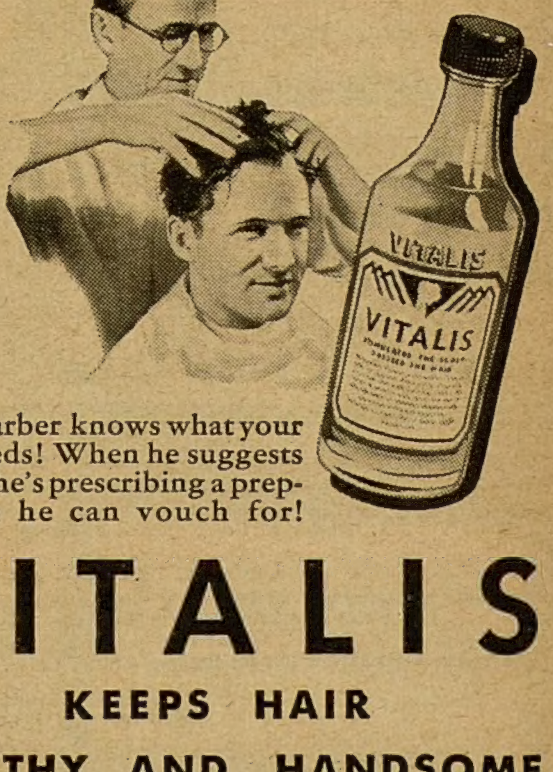
Your hair becomes brittle and lifeless. It snarls. The hairs split, break off, fall out.

Have vigorous, well-groomed hair in spite of summer sports! Do this: twice each week give your tight, parched scalp a 60-second workout with Vitalis. If the sun is scorching—rub Vitalis briskly into your scalp before you start out and again after your shower.

This Vitalis massage wakes up your scalp. Loose dandruff goes, so that it can't clog the pores. Necessary natural oils are restored. Your hair stops looking dull and dead. There's no "patent-leather" look -- but your hair has a rich, natural lustre, and it stays smartly-groomed no matter how strenuously you cover course, court, or waterway.

Start today to protect *your* hair with Vitalis. Your druggist has it. And your barber has it.

ASK YOUR BARBER



Your barber knows what your hair needs! When he suggests Vitalis, he's prescribing a preparation he can vouch for!

VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly
JUNE 3, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 22

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

IN THIS ISSUE

● Beginning Marriage Drums . . JOSEPH DIXON 7
As told to CAPTAIN DON WILKIE
An Arabian-Nights tale of a princess, a slave, and a mountain of gold—and EVERY WORD OF IT TRUE!

● Joanna and the Ways of God
A story SHIRLEY SEIFERT 15

● You Can Live Without Money
WILLIAM J. ENRIGHT 21

● The Woman Who Taught Her Children to Be Fools
CLARA BERANGER 22

● Twenty Questions 25

● Nobody's Champion—*A story*
R. G. KIRK 26

● Burlesques, Beasts, and Beer
Movie reviews ROB WAGNER 30

● The Private Life of Marie Dressler—*Conclusion*
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 32

● Yardleygram II
HERBERT O. YARDLEY 38

● $250 Weekly Phony Excuse Contest 39

● Scarlet Woman—*Part VII*
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 40

● Yardleygram Answer 46

● Bright Sayings of Children 46

● To the Ladies!
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 47

● Born to Raise Hell—*Part X*
TEX O'REILLY 48
As told to LOWELL THOMAS

● Vox Pop 56

● Cross Word Puzzle 58

● The Gesture—*A short short story*
LAWRENCE IVERSON 59

Cover by STOCKTON MULFORD

DEPENDABLE PROTECTION FOR THE WORKERS

It has become especially popular at this time to pretend to protect the workingmen. They are in the majority. And each worker has a vote. But in many instances the effort to protect them is to a large extent a camouflage.

There is only one real, definite, and dependable method of protecting the worker: that is, a legal regulation, a law on record, which definitely allows the worker a percentage of the gross profits of the business in which he is engaged.

Capital is no longer the arrogant dictatorial boss. Labor in many instances, through the unions, has become a dictator. And it is just as frequently necessary to protect capital from labor at this time as it is to protect labor from capital. Give either side of this controversy too much power and you usually find injustice.

Of course there are millions of people out of work. The lost buying power of workers and farmers alike has largely caused this condition. But it seems to come as a surprise to some people, especially labor sympathizers, that huge numbers of workers, perhaps millions, are out of work because of inability to reduce wages sufficiently to allow the enterprises in which they are employed to avoid bankruptcy.

In one organization well known to the writer nearly one thousand workers lost their positions because the company could not assume the losses of various subsidiary enterprises.

One business in which several million dollars had been invested employed nearly five hundred people. When the officials realized they could not continue to assume the loss of this business, the leaders of the various unions were consulted. But they were helpless. Nothing could be suggested. The men lost their jobs and the company lost the huge sum invested in the enterprise.

The business had to close, and it has been reported that now, nine months later, ninety per cent of the workers in this business are still out of employment.

This is just one example that has undoubtedly been repeated in thousands of instances. Had labor been enjoying its share of the profits during the boom period it would then have been in a position to have taken its share of the losses. In other words, a law that allows labor a stated share of the profits would give it employment insurance of a definite nature.

Unionism in some instances, with its rigid wage scales, is more unfeeling and inhuman than capital has ever been. But the machine at the top must have its pound of flesh.

If the business in which they have actively worked for years is wrecked and ruined, it is no concern of theirs. To be sure, that is not the attitude of the individual workers. Many union men would make any possible sacrifice for the business that they love, but the unbending rules of their organization will not allow a deviation.

These rules should be changeable. Unions should make their demands more human, more elastic; bend them to conform to the needs of the locality and business where they are employed; and make a reasonable effort to save a business from bankruptcy, instead of standing aside with an attitude of selfish unconcern.

If unions everywhere would demand the enactment of a law that would give the workers a definite percentage of the gross profits of the business, they would then feel that they were part of the enterprise; that their interests would be protected; and that they were not mere adjuncts that could be discharged with a day's notice.

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"I wanted a clearer, lovelier COMPLEXION — *I tried the Soap the Screen Stars use, and now...*"

Mrs. Jack Penninger
CHICAGO, ILL.
... housewife

says..

• "A friend and I were looking through a magazine and we both happened to notice an advertisement for Lux Toilet Soap.

• " 'Let's try it and see if friend husband will notice any improvement in our skin,' she suggested. So we began that day.

• "At the next party, her George was raving about her soft, smooth skin and my Jack said I look younger every day."

Marian Ayars
PHILADELPHIA
... college girl

says..

• "We girls are just crazy about the movies. If you'd give us a chance to go to Hollywood, we'd go if we had to walk.

• "We take any beauty hint we get from movie stars — especially when they tell the secret of their lovely complexions.

• "Lux Toilet Soap sure does work wonders! At least the boys tell me a skin like mine ought to knock down a contract any day."

Bette Davis
Anita Page
lovely screen stars

say..

• "I use Lux Toilet Soap every day, and that keeps my skin smooth and soft," says this lovely Warner Brothers' star.

• "Daily use of this beauty soap makes my skin young-looking . . . always in perfect condition," this charming star says.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

• Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Why don't *you* try it?

"I eat what I like—
And I like this cereal!"
REASON ENOUGH
...BUT THE EXTRA
BENEFITS ARE
IMPORTANT, TOO!
Post's
BRAN
FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF
WHEAT
READY TO EAT
THE NEW CRISP-PACK
POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 6 OUNCES

TRY THIS DELICIOUS CEREAL FOR TOMORROW MORNING'S BREAKFAST . . . IT DOES YOU GOOD!

DELICIOUS? Yes! But there is a far more important reason for serving Post's Bran Flakes every day.

And that is, the protection it gives you against constipation that comes from lack of bulk in the diet. An often unsuspected condition which may result in headaches, listlessness and "run-down" health long before innocent sufferers realize their cause!

Post's Bran Flakes helps to guard you against this trouble by providing the bulk your system needs—bulk that so many diets lack. Thus it helps to insure normal elimination of food wastes. It is rich in phosphorus, iron and Vitamin B—a builder of appetite.

For Children and Adults, Too!

So, naturally, adults and children alike are urged to include Post's Bran Flakes regularly in this proven program: Outdoor exercise . . . water to drink between meals . . . fresh fruits and vegetables in the diet. And a generous helping of crisp, delicious Post's Bran Flakes every day of the week!

Serve It Your Favorite Way

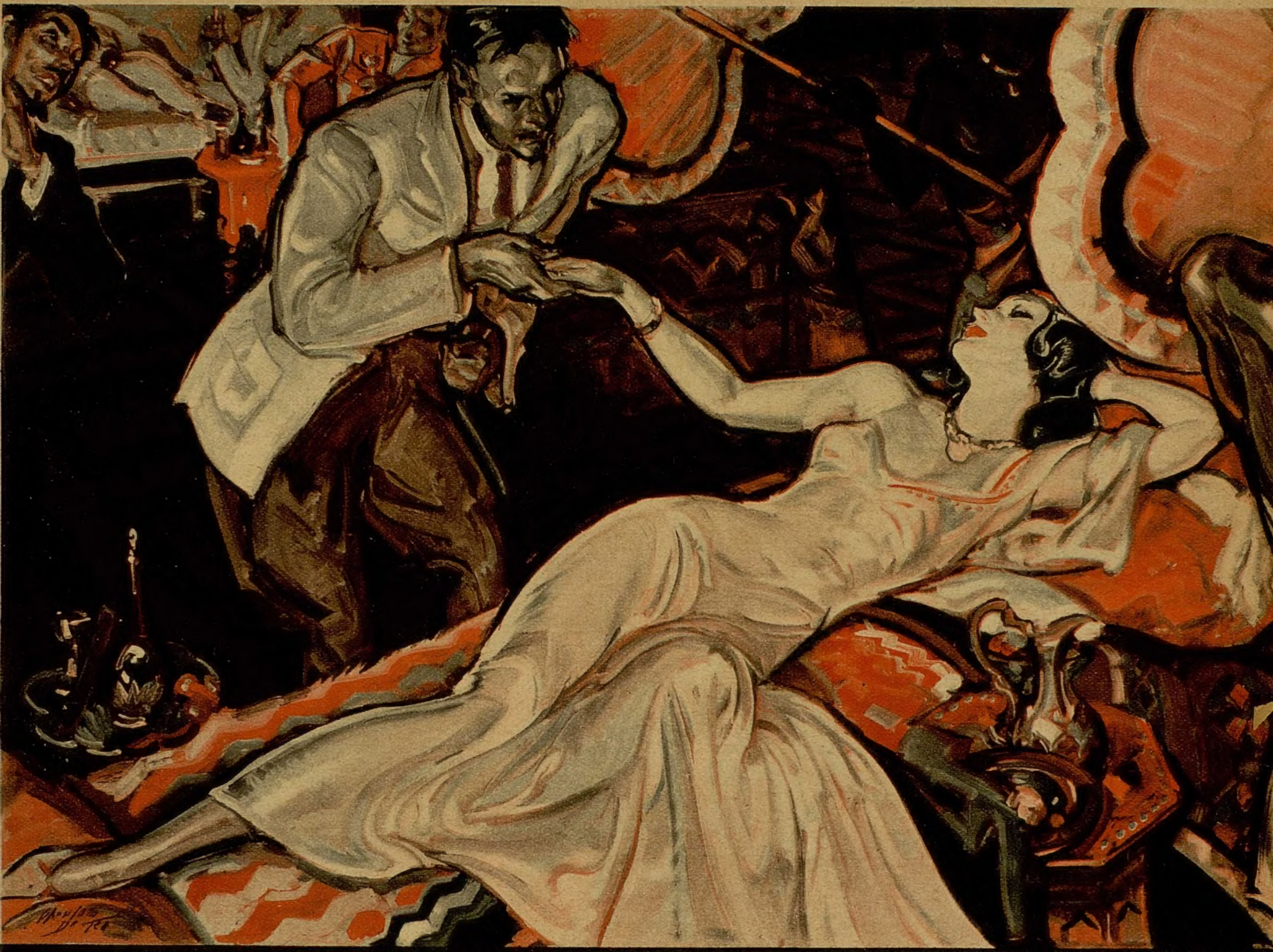
You'll know just how delicious it is once you taste it . . . served plain, or with fruits or berries. So start to serve Post's Bran Flakes to your family at once—*today*—and see how easily it helps to keep all of you regular and feeling fit. Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods.

Visit the General Foods Exhibit, a Century of Progress, Chicago (June to Oct.) and see the Post's Bran Flakes display.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

BEGINNING



I STOOD OVER A WOMAN WITH GOLDEN SKIN AND A FACE OF FLAWLESS BEAUTY

Marriage Drums

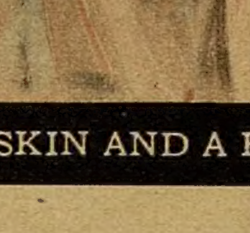
Illustrations by
CHARLES DE FEO

An Arabian-Nights Tale of a Princess, a Slave, and a Mountain of Gold— And Every Word of It True

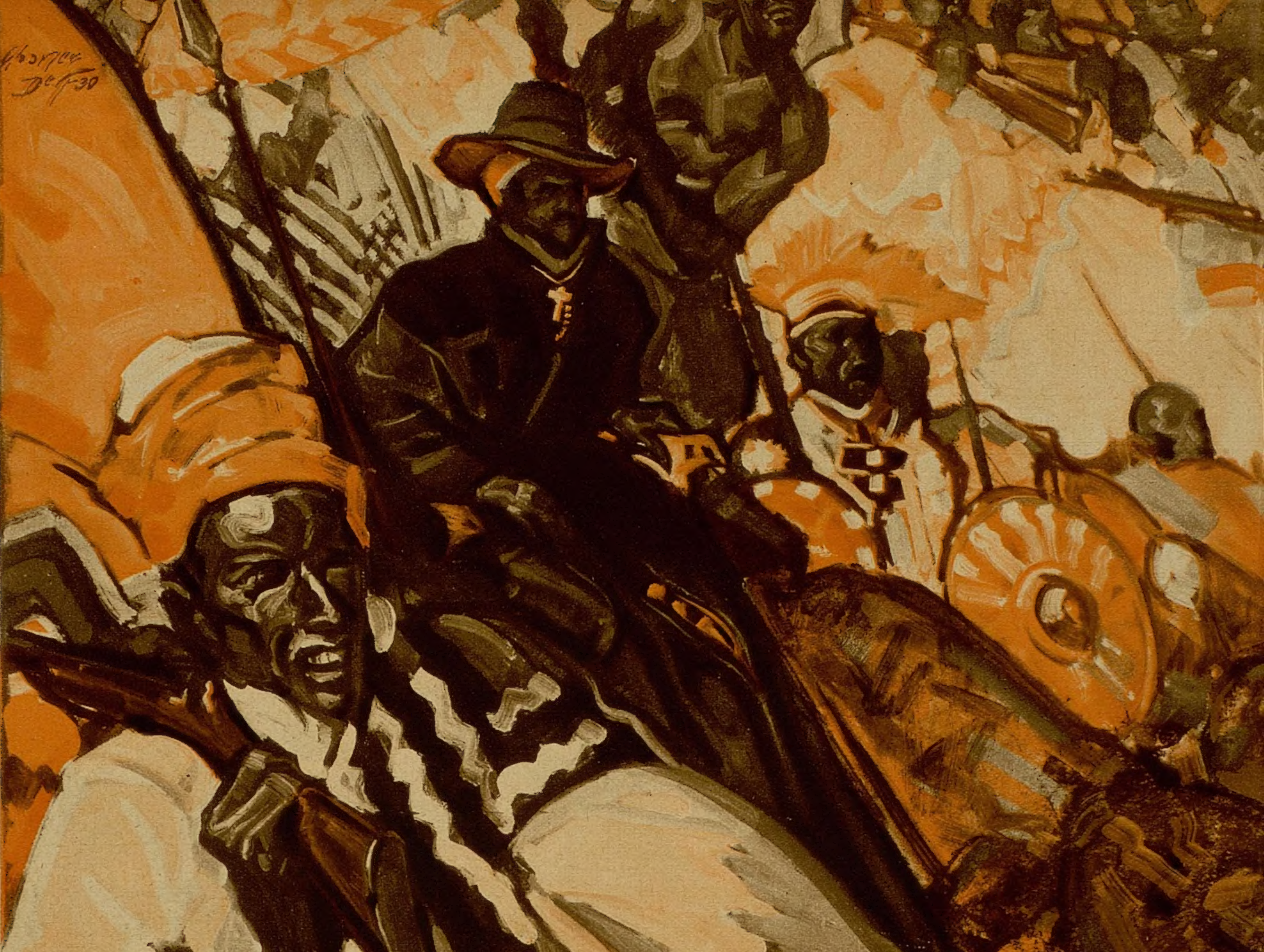
By JOSEPH DIXON

as told to Captain DON WILKIE *Formerly of the U. S. Secret Service*

(Reading time: 28 minutes 55 seconds.)



EDITOR'S NOTE: Joseph Dixon, who tells this story, swears to its truth, and produces corroboration in abundance, was born on a South African farm and as a boy ran away to seek adventures. He has been an officer of the Boer army, an ivory buyer, skipper of a whaler, and a prospector for gold, diamonds, or other miner-



WITH NO MORE DIGNITY THAN A WHIPPED BLACK, MERTON SCURRIED TO COVER.

als in the Rand and the Vaal, in Madagascar, in India, in the Yukon, and in Arkansas, where he staked diamond claims. His experience in Abyssinia is the theme of Marriage Drums. Independent confirmation of its glittering climax has been discovered within the past two years and will be duly set forth in Liberty.

Part One—The Poisonous Princess

LOUIE LAMONT dipped a forefinger into a blob of wine that had trickled from his glass, always overflowing or empty. "*Voilà*, Joe, I show you somezing."

I pushed my drink aside and watched. Now the little Frenchman was bending his head, sweeping the table top with a mangy beard while his sun-weakened eyes sought a place free from slivers. He found it and described a rectangle with his wet finger.

Into the center of the figure he dropped a dead fly, explaining: "Zis is Abyssinia; and zis fly, she is Addis Ababa, *n'est-ce pas?*"

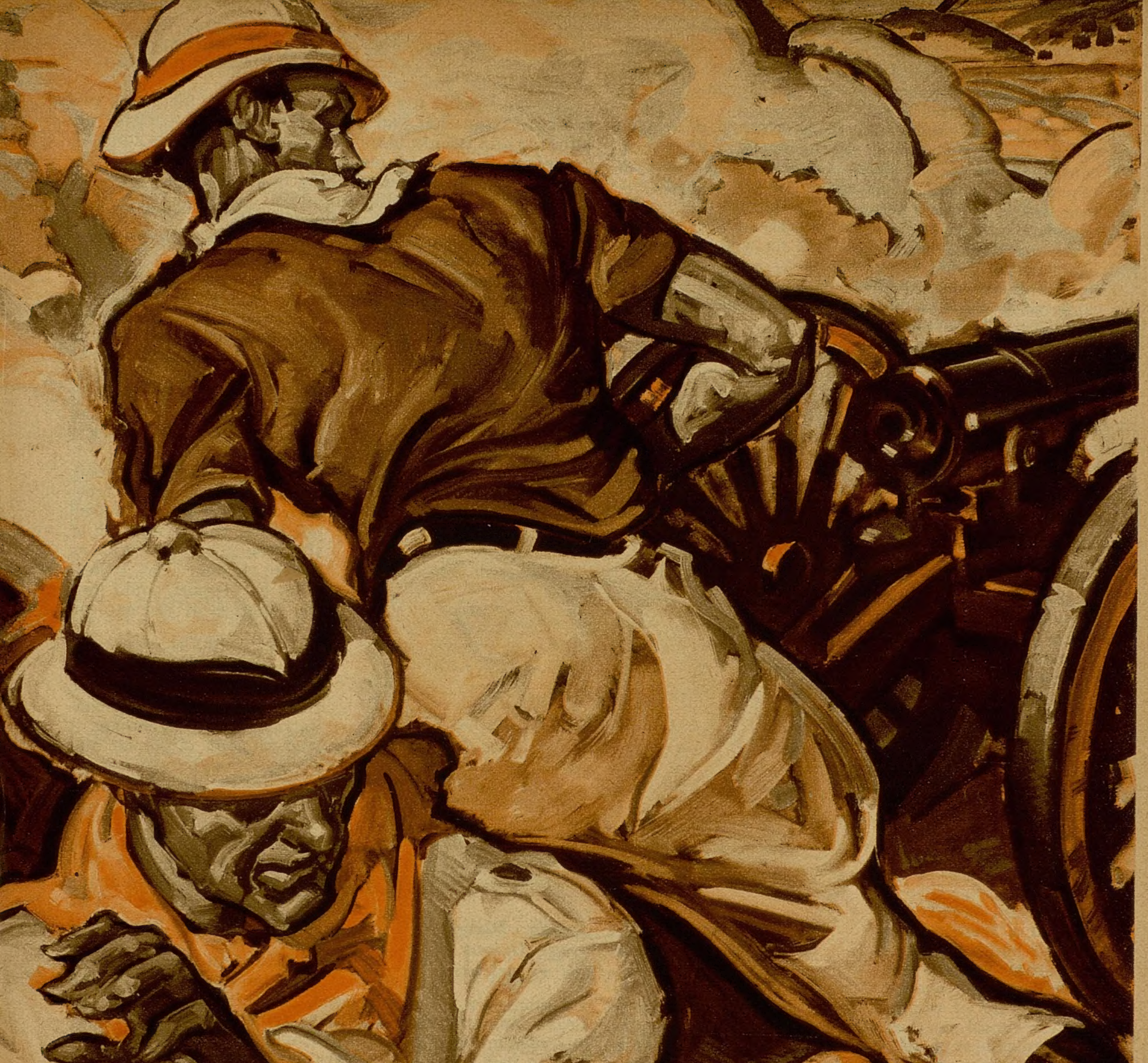
We were sitting in the wretched mud-and-grass hut that served Louie as trading station and living quarters. Our chairs and the table, originally a packing case, constituted the only furniture. Rude shelves held his merchandise—gingham and unbleached muslin in soiled bolts, ten-cent-store trinkets, olive oil, and, of course, *vins et spiritueux.*

On the other side of the hovel hung crude lithographs of Menelik II, the Negus of Abyssinia (now officially Ethiopia), Abraham Lincoln, and the President of France. Surrounding them, billboard fashion, were post-card photos of naked dancing girls.

The filth of years had brought the sunken floor to the level of the street. No viler dump existed anywhere in Addis Ababa. At least, I had seen none in the aimless walks that had finally brought me here to discover in the keeper a white man and a comrade of the gold-rush days. I had not recognized him until he identified himself.

Louie Lamont, the trader, was only the ghost of the care-free adventurer I had left on the beach at Soabala—was it two years before? A man decays quickly in Africa, once he cracks. Louie had broken. Wandering into Abyssinia, he had married a native wench and settled himself for a last long drunk.

At that time the Black Empire was truly black. Under



I TRIPPED THE FIRING DEVICE. THE SHOCK ALMOST SENT ME TO MY KNEES.

Menelik the natives, possessed of a somewhat Christian religion and the remnants of an ancient civilization, had succeeded as no other Negroid people in maintaining independence. Their government was an absolute monarchy and their social system included slavery in its most hideous forms. They regarded white men as their inferiors and treated them as such.

Consequently, few Europeans had ventured into the land, and of those few only Louie had established anything like a permanent residence, his marriage giving him the status of a freeborn Abyssinian.

My own presence in Menelik's capital was anything but voluntary. On the promise of twenty pounds sterling, I had helped run three old Nordenfelt field pieces across the border from the French Somali coast. My employers, a pair of English cutthroats known to me as Francis Merton and Henry Smallwood, or merely Smally, had delayed paying me, with the result that I was caught with them when escaris of a provincial ruler surrounded the expedition.

Merton and Smallwood had sworn that the guns were intended as gifts to Menelik. To see that they kept their word, the tribesmen had escorted us to the capital. The Englishmen had told me nothing about their plans, but I guessed that they were acting for a London syndicate and hoped to trade the artillery to the Negus for some concession.

One look at Addis Ababa had satisfied any curiosity I felt. Given a chance, I would have struck out for Italian Somaliland immediately. I had demanded again that the gun-runners pay off.

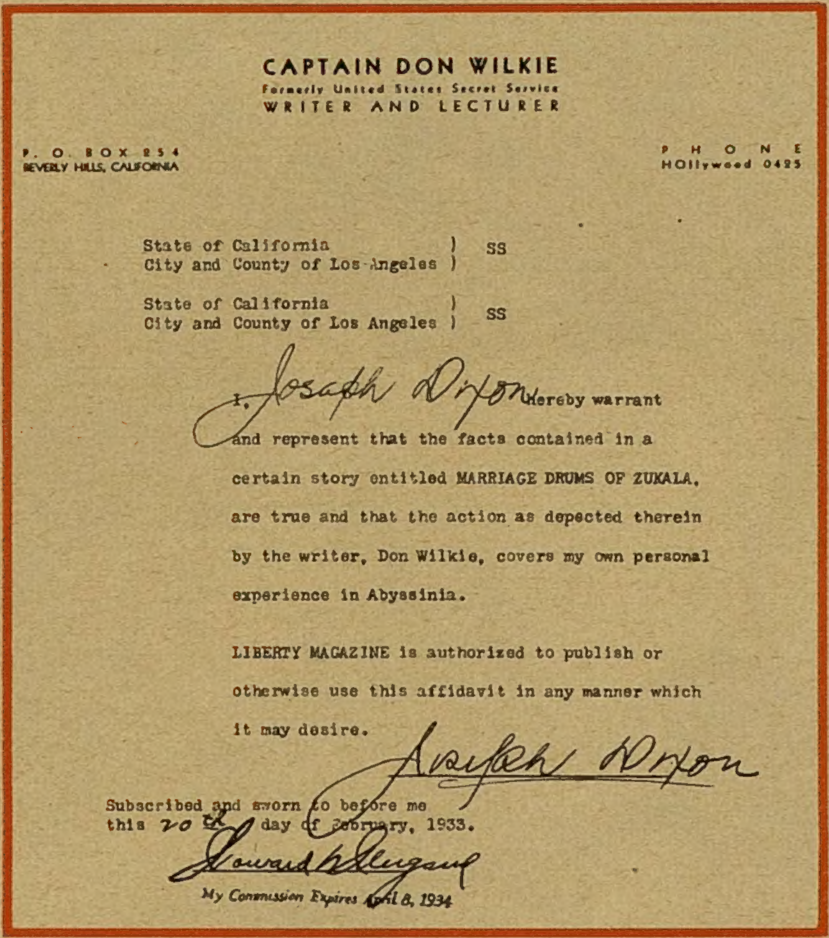
fo.

Abyssinian Words in Marriage Drums

Escaris	Soldiers or armed guards
Ferangi	A European
Negus (Negust)	King of Kings; emperor
Shumes	Governors of villages
Ras	Prince
Negadrasse	Prince royal or viceroy
Zabanias	Guards of a palace or temple

"Really, Captain Dixon," the oily Merton had said, addressing me by a rank I had held in a South African army, "you can't leave. None of us can until we've disposed of the Nordenfelts."

That was true. Menelik, suspecting trickery, or scheming to get the guns without yielding much of anything, had continued the virtual state of captivity in which we had reached the capital. Soldiers of his bodyguard kept constant watch over our camp in the market place. As individuals we were free to wander about the streets, but I did not doubt that any one of us who attempted to leave the city would be seized.



CAPTAIN DON WILKIE
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PHONE
HOllywood 0425

State of California)
City and County of Los Angeles) SS

State of California)
City and County of Los Angeles) SS

I, Joseph Dixon hereby warrant and represent that the facts contained in a certain story entitled MARRIAGE DRUMS OF ZUKALA, are true and that the action as depected therein by the writer, Don Wilkie, covers my own personal experience in Abyssinia.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE is authorized to publish or otherwise use this affidavit in any manner which it may desire.

Joseph Dixon

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 20th day of February, 1933.

My Commission Expires April 8, 1934

A facsimile of Joseph Dixon's affidavit that Marriage Drums is the true story of his experiences.

I had found Lamont and had helped him empty a keg of *vin rouge* while the Englishmen, better diplomats than I thought them to be, wormed their way into the gebe, as the royal compound was known. Apparently they were making some progress in the negotiations, for I had heard that Menelik would inspect the guns tomorrow in person.

So it was that I looked at Louie's sketch on the table top and said, "See here, old rooster, I know where I am—if that's what you're trying to show me. What I'd like to have you point out is how I can get away."

He winced. "*Non, non,* do not make fun wiz me! I draw zis so you understan' w'en I tell you wan big secret."

I thought I could guess the nature of his "big secret." Prospecting with me in Witwatersrand and later in Madagascar, he had been less interested in finding pay dirt than digging up tribal legends.

Once he had received a chart from a bushed missionary. It had had no significance that I could see, but he had mooned over it for days, talking of wonders that inevitably lay beyond the farthest frontiers—lost cities and treasures and valleys of forgotten people where an outlander might become king and love women with golden hair flowering from bodies like slender white vases.

There had been much of the poet in Louie—too much, perhaps. But I had never blamed him for our failures. Indeed, he had managed to get such a hold on my affections that then as now I could not hurt him.

HE was back at his map making. "Look, Joe, I pull out wan of my w'eeskers. I bend it—so. An' zere it is, ze Blue Nile! Sous to zis knot hole an' west to zis nail is Beni Shongul, ze lan' of ze Black Arab. From zat lan' comes most of ze gold of Abyssinia."

"Maybe," I said. "But I haven't seen anything that indicates there's much gold here. Why, these people don't even use gold money."

Though Menelik had set up a mint, the standard coin of the empire was the Maria Theresa *thaler* of 1780, a silver piece imported from Austria.

"If zere is no gold, w'y 'ave your Englishmen brought guns to ze Negus, *hein?*"

I snorted. "Merton and Smallwood are fools."

Louie looked around warily and whispered: "We must be ver', ver' careful. I 'ave much wonder w'ezer zose men 'ave come to get ze mining rights in Beni Shongul. I 'ave mistrust even you, my old fran', sinking you were wiz zem. Me, I know zat in zis Black Arab country is a mountain of gold!"

I choked a laugh and said: "I suppose that is where the Queen of Sheb[illegible] had her mines."

The trader almost fell off his chair in his excitement. "Zat is w'at I 'ave say to myself! From zat mountain ze queen took zat gold to Solomon."

He was hitting his old-time stride now, picturing the treasure train that had gone up to Jerusalem with "an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and precious stones." Somehow it warmed me to know that, sunken in debauchery as he was, he yet clung to his dreams.

"Who told you of this mountain, Louie?"

"Shogoli, ze sheik of ze Black Arab."

There was a smile in that. I had never seen an Arab, black or otherwise, whom I would believe.

Louie's explanation of the sheik's presence in Addis Ababa proved interesting, however. Menelik, finding it a good policy to keep his vassals where he could watch them, had invited Shogoli to visit the capital. The moment he entered the Negus's stronghold, the sheik had become a prisoner in fact if not in name.

Like Merton, Smallwood, and myself, he had the freedom of the city, but dared not leave, the permission of the Negus being necessary before anyone, chief, tribesman, or *ferangi,* could quit the confines of the capital.

AFTER nine years of such captivity Shogoli was just beginning to hope for a ticket of leave. Gossip emanating from the gebe had it that Menelik might let him go, now that he was too old and feeble to start any trouble on his return to Beni Shongul.

On occasion the sheik, backsliding from his Mohammedan faith, had drunk in Louie's place. The Frenchman had gained his confidence.

"He told me zat once w'en he was young he saw zis mountain," Louie related. "He was afraid to go near. Some of ze people of ze tribe 'ave gone zere an' 'ave seen much gold—but zey 'ave died. Shogoli sink zere is wan bad genie in zat place w'at follow zose who take zat treasure. Maybe you sink zis mountain wan damn' big joke? Zen maybe zis is joke too, *hein?*"

Using what broken teeth remained in his mouth, he unknotted an old tobacco pouch and poured out a mess of stuff that might have been collected by a jackdaw. A tiny nugget rolled toward me. I weighed it in my hand, thrilling a little.

"Look you, Joe. Zat is only wan of many zat Shogoli brought wiz him here. He found zem in ze rivers in Beni Shongul. He meant zem to be a present for Menelik, but he keeps zem, now zat he cannot go home, poor devil. Now you believe your old fran'? You will go an' make ze big strike?"

"Why don't you go?" I evaded, well knowing the answer to my question.

Louie had reached his journey's end in Addis Ababa. A month of ordinary hardships on the trail would kill any man in his physical condition.

"I 'ave want to go," he said, and grimaced. "But see, if I leave ze madame, ze so little Emarri, she die wiz wan broken heart."

A patch of sunlight at my feet had vanished. The "so little" Emmari was sidling into the hut from the street, advancing her body an inch or two at a time by flattening first her enormous breasts and then her hips. Swathed in striped cloth which probably had been intended for use as ticking, she looked like nothing so much as a feather mattress jammed in the doorway.

I thought of the delicate beauty of the dream creatures that had lured Louie in other years. If I saw the comedy in the contrast, I felt the tragedy.

The black giantess was inside at last, trailing a broom through the refuse on the floor. As she never used it except to beat her husband or raise a dust cloud that would drive away his drinking companions, I prepared for a quick retreat. But she merely grunted something in the Amharic tongue and squeezed herself into a back room.

Louie looked pathetically at the dregs in the bottom of his glass. "Wiz Afrique I am ready to make fineesh. In one, two year I am dead. If you go find zis gold, I will fix up ze grubstake an' ze outfit for you. W'en you come back I take my share an' go to France."

I was seldom given to quixotic impulses; but being a little drunk and wanting to help an old comrade, I knew suddenly that I would undertake the quest for the Black Arab gold fields if it were at all possible.

"We'll see how things turn out tomorrow," I said.

Louie danced around the table, arms flung out as though to embrace me. "Zen you will go! You are ze brave wan, son. You must call me 'papa' or I keel myself."

"All right, papa." I ducked under his arms to the street door. Howls and the thwack of Emmari's broom followed me and quickened my step as I crossed the market place to the camp.

The Englishmen, stretched out in steamer chairs, motioned to me. I noticed that they seemed well pleased with themselves.

"What about the guns, captain?" asked Smally. "Are they in shape for a demonstration?"

"You ought to know," I retorted. "You bought them—from a junk yard, I suppose."

"Oh, come, captain. They're old, I'll admit. But Menelik insists on seeing them fired—so you'll have to fire 'em."

"Me?" I went cold, then hot. "I never agreed to pull a lanyard on those old blunderbusses. They'll blow up sure as hell! The tubes are warped and the breechblocks are ready to fall off. If the old boy wants to see some shooting, you'll show it to him. I'll take my money—now."

I WAS not exaggerating the condition of the worn-out Nordenfelts. They were fit only to be parked on courthouse lawns.

"You'll get your money—double pay if the show's a success," said Merton. "And it's got to be!"

"Yes," I agreed. "I don't believe Menelik would like to have a lot of wheels, limbers, and so forth sailing past his head. If one cannon blows up and doesn't kill him or us, he may decide to have us tied to the others."

A story Louie had told came back to me with unpleasant vividness. In one of his campaigns against the Italians the Negus had captured a locomotive. Ordering tracks laid to the edge of a precipice, he had forced the engineer to drive off, that he might see what would happen!

Merton's hand, trembling as he poured a whisky for himself, indicated that he too was considering what might follow an accident with the guns.

One of the main gates of the gebe or royal compound inclosing Menelik's palace and public buildings.

"Suppose we draw part of the charges from the shells," I suggested. "A little noise might satisfy his Nibs."

Smally mopped his face. "No good. Menelik has seen artillery in action against his own army. He'll jolly well blow up himself if we let him get the idea our guns won't shoot. He's even picked a target for us. Wants that big rock out there shelled to pieces."

He pointed to a stone formation at the edge of the city. It looked like a redoubt and probably was as strong as anything a military engineer could have designed.

I whistled, awed. "Some customer, this Negus! That's a job for the best modern howitzers. A range of two thousand yards—and the glass in our range finder broken! Just take a look at your stock in trade."

We went over to the Nordenfelts, which I had previously assembled. As I pointed out their many defects it became apparent that the Englishmen knew nothing whatever about gunnery. At the same time I discovered that repairs might make it possible to fire a couple of the field pieces with some degree of safety. In point of accuracy, it seemed too much to hope that their shells would strike within a hundred yards of the rock.

ALTOGETHER, I had the Englishmen in a tight place, and they knew it. Without my services their scheme—whatever it might be—was certain to fail.

"Bail up a hundred pounds, gentlemen," I told them. "That's what it's going to cost you if I touch those guns. And tomorrow, if they satisfy Menelik and I'm alive, it'll cost you fifty more."

"That's robbery!" Merton wailed. "You're taking advantage of us. But I suppose we'll have to pay."

He supposed correctly. With the money in my pockets, I routed out Louie, now partly sobered by the beating Emmari had given him. He recruited a couple of native blacksmiths able to fashion rivets and braces. The work of reconditioning the Nordenfelts took most of the night.

On waking the next morning I found the market place and plain beyond seething with townspeople. Menelik had declared a national holiday.

"No need to hurry," said Merton, nosing around while I made a last inspection of the field pieces. "The Negus won't be here for an hour. He's in church praying for a successful day."

"We'd better do some praying, too," I growled, for the repairs, seen in daylight, looked anything but dependable.

Toward noon Menelik appeared, riding a white mule gayly caparisoned, and leading a small army of retainers, all in court dress. Walking beside the mule and carrying an umbrella was a Nubian eunuch, so tall that his great shaven head topped that of the rider.

The giant slave never took his eyes from the umbrella, it being his duty to see that no ray of sunlight fell on his master. Chamberlains armed with long staves marched in files on either side of the emperor, beating back the rabble. The commoners who did not move quickly enough were put in their places by soldiers swinging the alunga—a strip of dried hippopotamus hide equally serviceable as whip or saber, since the edge could be made to cut into flesh like steel.

Menelik dismounted some little distance from the guns and was given a seat on a rickety folding chair. The rasses, shumes, and lesser nobles of his train ranged themselves behind him. The royal musicians struck up a national anthem, beating drums of many sizes and playing lutes and bamboo horns. Then the crowd closed in.

The alunga came into play again, Menelik's guards swinging right and left as they cleared a view for him and helped me wheel the Nordenfelts to a position where they could be fired with least danger to the spectators.

Merton and Smally had attached themselves to the Negus's party. They wore boots, riding breeches, and sun helmets, and tried to act as well as look like military men. They bawled meaningless orders to me, then fawned before the emperor while a greasy Assyrian merchant, Ydilibi by name, translated their words.

When everything was set and Menelik had given the word to proceed, Merton swaggered out and yelled, "Show his Majesty a bit of marksmanship, my man!"

I checked the range again, wishing that I had Merton and his partner at the muzzle end of the guns. He looked over my shoulder at my data and examined the quadrant knowingly. Probably he would have gone on making a show of himself, but I reached suddenly toward the breech of the best cannon.

With no more dignity than a whipped black, Merton scurried to cover. Smally, making his bid for Menelik's attention, ordered me to fire. I saw him duck as I tripped the firing device.

Prepared as I was for a quick dive to the ground, the shock of the discharge almost sent me to my knees, and in that instant I thought the field piece had blown itself sky-high. The boom of an exploding shell came back from a distance. I looked around. The gun was intact. Stranger still, I had made a direct hit.

It seemed improbable that such luck could last, but I sent four more percussion shells across the field. Three of them crashed against the face of the rock, blasting holes clearly visible to everyone.

The Negus was gesticulating wildly to one of his rasses. The Englishmen, who had recovered their aplomb, now called sharply to me to cease firing—an order which would not have offended me, coming in any form.

The guards flogged the milling rabble away from the guns and Menelik came out to inspect them, flanked by his umbrella carrier and followed by Merton, Smally, and the interpreter, all talking at once.

Face to face with the empire builder of Abyssinia, I saw a short stout man with olive skin badly pockmarked, a straggling beard, and little weasel eyes that shifted constantly in an eagerness to see everything.

He wore black silk pantaloons and a *chamma* or burnoose of the same material, beautifully embroidered with a variety of eye-killing stitches. From his neck hung a heavy chain of pure gold and many pendants set with tourmalines, rubies, and the only gold-bearing garnets I had ever seen. Diamonds of amazing size flashed from his ring-weighted fingers.

HE had craftily folded a big handkerchief about his head, making it appear to his vassal Arabs that he wore a turban and to the Abyssinians that he subscribed to the forms of the national dress. To please himself he had perched atop his curious cap a black felt sombrero of American make. The royal feet were incased in another typically American product—Congress gaiters, those old-style shoes with elastic bands in the uppers.

Looking at and into everything, the Negus finally turned to me. He spoke to Ydilibi, who commanded me to present myself. An introduction to Menelik entailed kissing his hand, but I went through with it.

I reasoned that it was no worse than kissing any other monarch's hand. He was a great African, sharing like most of his people the blood of Jews, Assyrians, and Greeks. Indeed he traced his ancestry to the union of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The gathering broke up with everyone highly pleased. Merton and Smally accompanied Menelik to the gebe. The guns, drawn by the Negus's bodyguards, followed them. Their deal, it seemed, had been closed.

My imagination was leaping its ordinary bounds. The barbaric splendor and my victory made me feel that in Abyssinia nothing was impossible. I thought again of Louie's story of gold in Sheik Shogoli's district. The more I considered it, the greater became my conviction that it had some basis of truth.

With money in my pocket and more to be had—if the Englishmen did not slip away—I could finance a long prospecting trip. There remained many hindrances to such a venture, however. Menelik might deny me a passport, without which no white man could hope to reach the Black Arab country.

My ex-employers made another unknown quantity in the problem. No doubt they were grabbing everything they could get from the Negus. There was a possibility that they already had obtained exclusive mining rights in Beni Shongul and elsewhere.

I went to Louie's dump. The Frenchman was bouncing from wall to wall in his enthusiasm.

"Soon we are millionaires, my fran'!" he cried. "You 'ave won ze good will of ze Negus. He 'ave want you to be present' to him. Zat is most lucky. Now you 'ave no trouble to get permission to mine my gold. We split a bottle, *hein?*"

WE split several bottles before I could get in a word. I wanted to know how we were to proceed in applying for a passport and mining privileges.

Louie explained that he had some influential friends in the gebe. One was the Ras Goorksa, a powerful prince, feared and respected by Menelik. Another, the Negadrasse Illagorgis, held the only office of trust not preempted by the Negus. As chief customs officer Illagorgis had entered into very modern bootlegging relations with the Frenchman. Accepting gifts of champagne, he permitted the trader to import goods without payment of duty.

"We go see zose people zis evening," Louie said. "I 'ave talk wiz Illagorgis an' all is arrange'. I take you to ze apartment of ze Ras Goorksa in ze gebe. Illagorgis is zere always. *Pourquoi?* Wait, Joe. W'en you see ze wife of ze ras you know. Ah, zere is wan woman. She 'ave lovers like ze old Cleopatra—black, brown, w'ite. Zey all die. Some she poison. Some keel zemselves. Wance ze Germans send wan consul to ze gebe. He love ze Princess Goorksa an' after w'ile he shoot himself. Zat is like zose Germans. Me, *eh bien!* I break ze heart of zese Abyssinian women."

He looked at the gross black Emmari, then rolled his eyes toward the dancing girls on the wall. "We split a bottle, yes?"

He was still babbling of the Ras Goorksa's wife when I left him and returned to camp to prepare for our visit. I sluiced down and put on my one white shirt and necktie.

Freshened, I strolled over to Merton's tent. He and his partner, back from the gebe, were preparing to leave again.

"Join us in a drink, captain," he invited, and said to Smally, "Not bad shooting that Dixon showed us, what?"

"Not half bad," assented his *alter ego.*

I had expected them to think that I had lied about the Nordenfelts and to renege on the promised bonus. Much to my surprise, they paid off without even haggling over the sum involved.

"Now that you have your pay and your job is done, what do you expect to do?" Merton asked. "Strike out for the coast?"

I shook my head. "Haven't made up my mind. You're sure that you won't need me?"

"We've finished our business with Menelik, but it may be some time before we trek back to Somali."

Both men were eying me narrowly. Hoping to draw them out and at the same time to deceive them, I said, "You know I've been a diamond prospector. If I could get a pass I'd try looking for stones in the Lake Tsana region."

"Not interested in gold, eh?" Smally got in a question.

I shrugged. "Interested, of course. But while there may be diamonds in this country, I doubt whether there are any worth-while gold deposits."

"Lake Tsana," Merton said thoughtfully. "That's a long way from here, but

(*Continued on page fourteen*)

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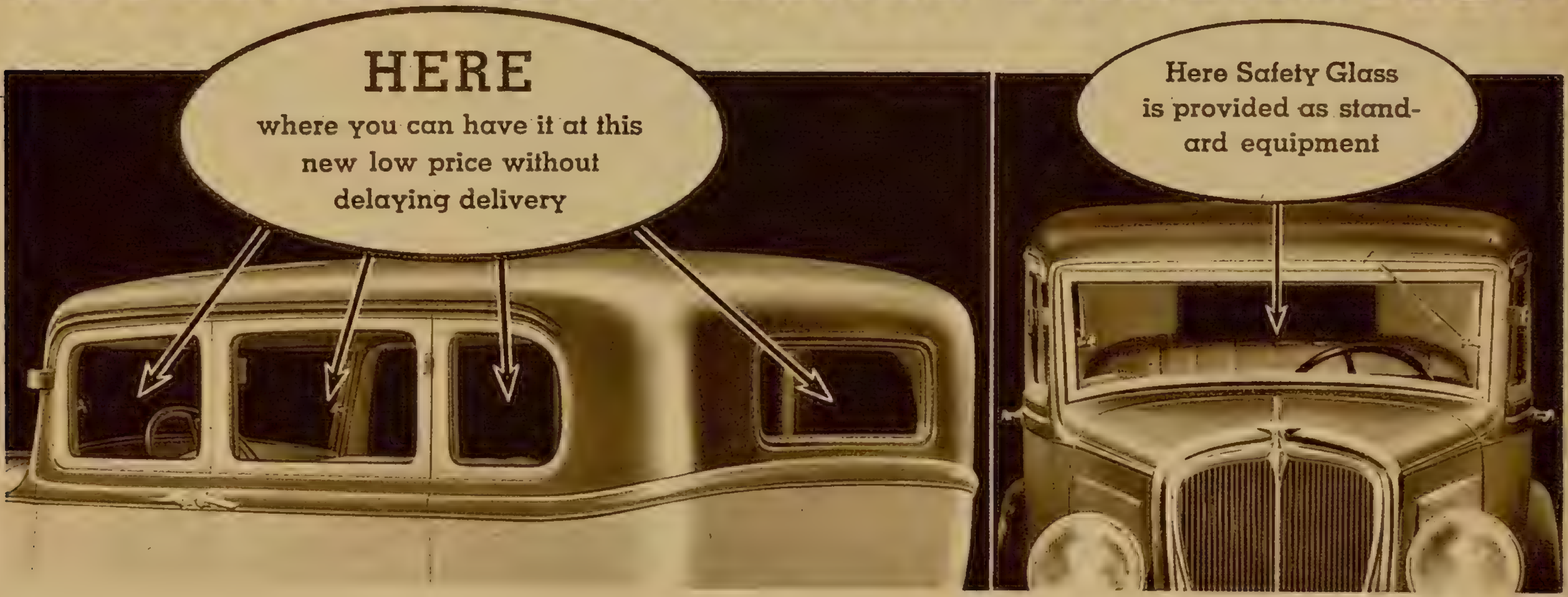
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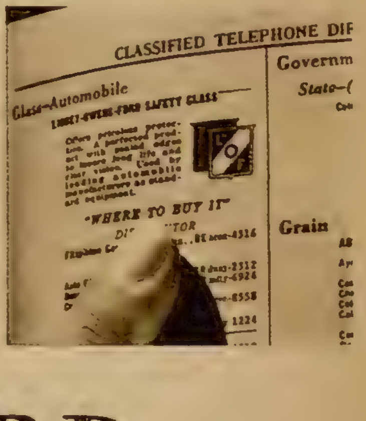


LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD

SAFETY GLASS

FOR LASTING CLEARNESS AND GREATER SAFETY

(Continued from page twelve) I've heard that it's diamondiferous. You might make a lucky strike there. Now, say. You pulled us out of a bad hole by your shooting. We'll be glad to help you. And if it's a pass from the Negus that you want, I think we can get it for you."

"Righto!" chimed Smally. "Just leave everything to us."

There could be but one motive behind such an offer. The Englishmen wanted me out of Addis Ababa.

I went back to my tent to wait the arrival of Louie. He showed up in about an hour, wearing his funeral best, a ridiculous little hat and an old Prince Albert coat much too small for him, shriveled though he was. I told him of my conversation with Merton and Smally.

"*Zut!*" he detonated. "*Sacré nom de nom!* It is as I 'ave say—zose peegs sink to steal my gold. *Mais oui*, we 'ave to hurry. If ze Ras Goorksa an' ze negadrasse will do somezing for us, maybe we 'ave time to beat zem."

Setting a pace that made me puff, he led me to the gebe. The royal compound, a small city in itself, occupied the slope of a hill in the center of Addis Ababa. It was surrounded by a high stone wall bordered by eucalyptus trees and the huts of beggars and cripples.

The zabanias who guarded the gates and policed the gebe admitted us without parley, most of them knowing my companion. The paved streets on which we now put foot were lined with stone buildings two and three stories high. One of them was Menelik's palace.

Others were inhabited by resident nobles and the soldiery, or housed such national institutions as the new mint, the arsenal, and the electric-light plant, a gas-engine outfit which some adventurer of the stripe of Merton and Smally had packed through from the coast and which, like the Nordenfelts, was wholly unreliable.

Many improvements were being made in the Abyssinian Versailles, all with slave labor, of course. I noticed that some prisoners were engaged in setting rows of slanting spikes in a wall that inclosed a pit. Lions were leaping and snarling inside.

"What's that, the zoölogical garden?" I asked Louie, who had been pointing out everything of interest.

I tried to direct our course so we would pass the pit, but the Frenchman caught my arm.

"*Non, non, non, non!*" He swallowed and licked his lips. "Zat is wan place terrible! You want to know w'at it is? I tell you. Zose animals, zey eat men!"

He went on to relate that all slaves captured after escaping from their masters and all criminals condemned to death were thrown to the lions, fierce Nubians numbering up to a score. The beasts received no other food.

I stared at Louie. He would lie, but I knew he was telling the truth now. I did not look again at the lions' den nor at the slaves passing, chained together in long rows and herded by zabanias.

IT seemed now that nothing more seen or heard in this land would surprise me. But when we turned into a red granite dwelling I could only gape.

We were standing in a reception hall that might have been part of a mansion in Paris. It was luxuriously furnished in European style, with paintings, the work of internationally known artists, adorning the walls and the finest of Oriental rugs covering a teakwood floor.

A large mahogany table occupied the center of the room. In a corner was a fine old English sideboard literally covered with decanters of wine and liquors. Beside each of many overstuffed chairs were tiled tables bearing smoking accessories.

The butler, a Nubian eunuch, announced our names and then conducted us into another and even more sumptuously furnished chamber.

Louie looked around at me and whispered an unprintable epithet. He had reason to curse.

In front of us sat Merton, Smally, and their interpreter Ydilibi, smiling blandly over their glasses.

The eunuch took us to the Ras Goorksa, who reclined on a chaise longue. Louie's old Prince Albert strained at the seams as he made a sweeping bow. The ras put out a hand indifferently and the Frenchman kissed it.

When my turn came, he extended it in the same limp-fingered fashion. There was something so unwholesome about the man that the thought of touching his skin with my lips sickened me. So I grasped his hand and shook it. I had supposed that I would offend him; but his loose lips twitched into a smile.

The eunuch marshaled us from the ras to the Princess Goorksa, pictured by the imaginative Louie as the wickedest and most abandoned of women. She lay on a low divan, fanned continually by two young slave girls. The trader pressed her upraised hand to his mouth, murmuring something in Amharic.

Once in Kimberley I had found a diamond of rare water and once in the Klondike a nugget that made me feel rich. But the thrill of those moments seemed commonplace now as I stood half bowed over a woman with golden skin and a face of flawless beauty.

If Menelik and his house were descended from King Solomon and Sheba, the seed of that ancient wantoning had reached its perfect bloom in the body of the ras's wife.

AN actress schooled in striking seductive poses could have hardly duplicated her position on the couch. She made the most of her natural loveliness through a sly arrangement of the flow of her garments over a slender but sinuous form.

I forgot that she was the sister of Taitu, the venomous and loathsome wife of Menelik, believed by natives to possess the evil eye. I forgot, too, the stories that Louie had told.

It was the Frenchman who brought me to my senses, hissing, "Kees ze princess's hand, fool!"

He stepped back and left me facing her. I completed my bow and put my lips against her fingers. There were purple shadows at the base of her nails—the only indication of Negro blood that I had seen.

Giggling a little, the princess withdrew the one hand and extended the other. Not to be outdone, I kissed it twice. She seemed delighted, the ras amused.

Merton had jumped up, all smiles. "Well, see who's here! We've just been talking about you, Captain Dixon."

The eunuch gave us chairs and passed around a tray with wine, glasses, and Turkish cigarettes.

The presence of the Britishers worried me but not Louie. He was in his element and kept the butler busy filling his glass and bringing him cigarettes.

"Ze ras is like his servant," he whispered to me. "He 'ave no—w'at you call it?—sax appeal."

Merton, who had been conferring with his partner in a low voice, addressed me again: "We have some good news for you, captain. The Ras Goorksa is interested in diamonds. We told him of your ability as a diamond hunter and he has agreed to join us in financing a prospecting trip for you."

I tried to hide my surprise and said with a show of enthusiasm I did not feel, "That's splendid, gentlemen. Believe me, I appreciate your help."

After considerable discussion, during which I noticed that Louie was proving the constancy of his love of wine, we reached an agreement. Merton, Smally, and the ras would furnish all the mules, boys, and equipment in return for two thirds of any diamonds I might find.

Louie either did not know what to say or preferred to withhold comment until he had seen the bottoms of the ras's bottles.

I had been looking at the princess now and then. She was listening to our negotiations with much interest, smiling whenever she caught my glances. Speaking through Ydilibi, she made me promise that I would give her the first diamond I found in Abyssinia.

"The princess says that you must come and see her again before you leave," the interpreter told me, smiling suggestively.

The ras appearing to approve of her invitation, I pledged myself to return. Ydilibi winked.

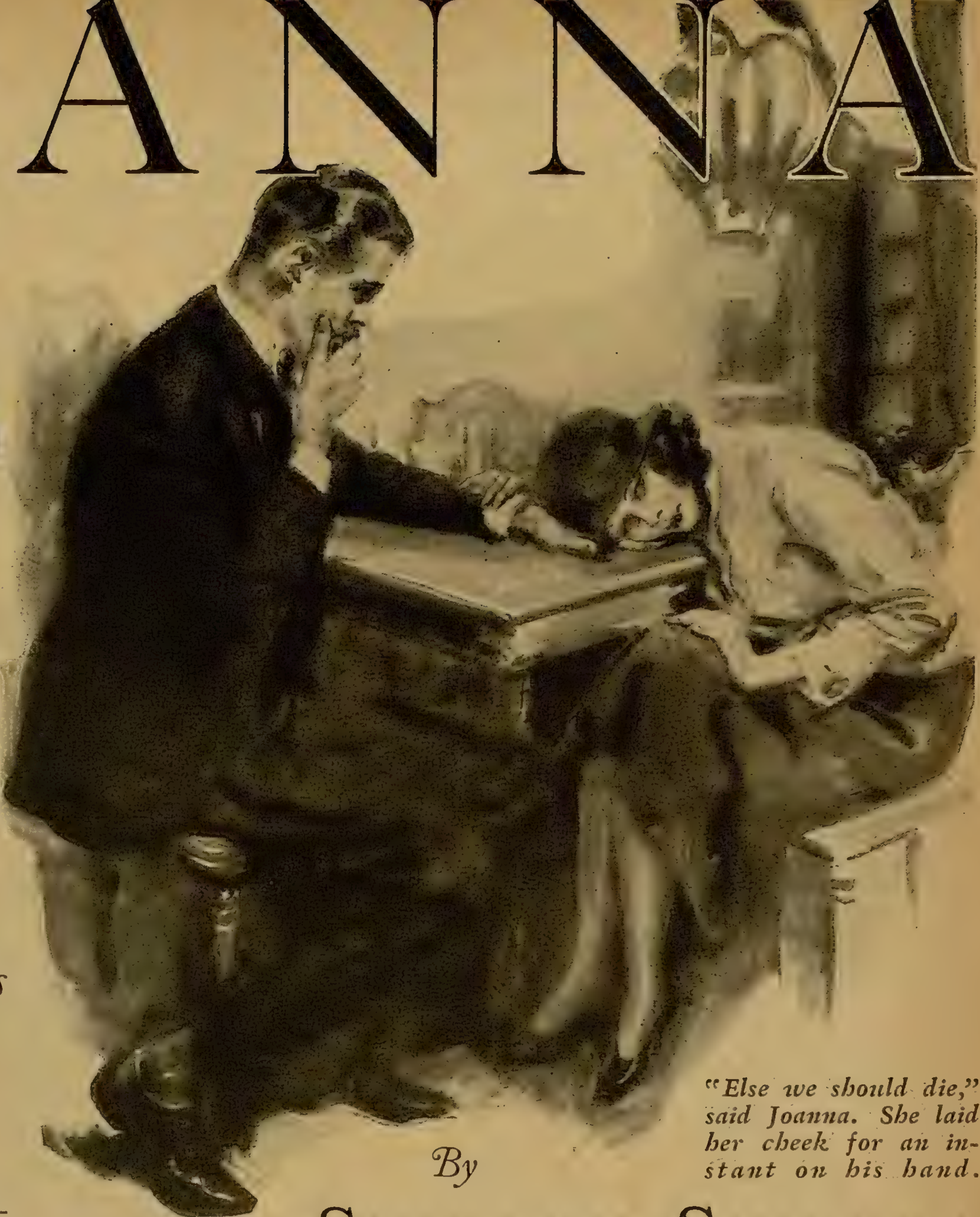
Jealousy was to transform the lascivious Princess Goorksa's play for Dixon into a fiendish threat, as next week's installment will show. Meanwhile it will tell of his diamond hunt, and of his hopes of seeking gold in the country of the Black Arabs—and of love.

JOANNA *and the* Ways *of* God

Love Is Blind, They Say—and What It Sometimes Takes to Open His Eyes!

(Reading time: 19 minutes 10 seconds.)

By SHIRLEY SEIFERT



"Else we should die," said Joanna. She laid her cheek for an instant on his hand.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ANTON BLAKE, U. S. N., declared Joanna with simple faith, had been sent by God to rescue her and her brothers and sisters in Wu Fong's Palace Restaurant in San Francisco. Certainly Blake, starting out for an evening's merrymaking with friends from Baltimore in what remained of Chinatown, hadn't counted on finding the Dale children in such a place.

The atmosphere noticeably was heavy with American tobacco and Chinese incense. Chinese boys slipped silently among the tables, balancing trays. On a raised platform to one side tea-house girls did monotonous smooth dances. There were doors, dark, deeply carved doors, besides the lighted one by which guests entered, which led off into the interior of the Palace and were portentous with mystery.

"Gambling rooms?" his friends questioned. "Opium? White slaves?"

Blake smiled. Wu Fong, he said, was a wise old owl. He knew how much of old wickedness might appeal— Abruptly the smile left the officer's dark handsome face. A table in a far corner had been taken by five children—five white children unattended—five white children of ages from six to, say, seventeen: three girls and two boys. The oldest and the youngest were girls. Blake's face stiffened; and a moment later a familiar gesture on the part of the seventeen-year-old girl brought him with a smothered exclamation to his feet. Hardly conscious of the surprise on the faces of his guests, Blake snapped a half-smoked cigarette down on a tray, and with a bald "Will you excuse me, please?" left his party flat.

Eleven-year-old Johnny raised a shout of recognition. "It's Tony! Joanna, look! Here's—Tony!"

It was ten minutes before Blake picked the last tempestuous child off his collar and could sit down and talk near rationally. Not that he minded the stormy welcome. Tony was a good scout and the children and he had always been friends. "Unusual children," he would explain when he found it necessary to explain to other grown-ups the warmth of mutual attachment. "Products of unusual environment and unusual parentage. Their father's a medical missionary: Gregory Dale—quite a man. Their mother's a raving beauty. You may have met her in Manila or Baguio. No? You'd have remembered if you had met her."

"But what are you all doing over here?" he asked that night in Wu Fong's restaurant.

"We have come to the mainland forever," said Joanna rather desolately.

Her eyes rested upon him in trusting appeal. She was disheveled, travel-soiled, and untidy as a girl might be who has always been waited upon by servants and suddenly must attend to herself. But, aside from that, her dark eyes and hair, her delicate straight nose, her full soft

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG mouth, her voice, her natural grace of movement gave sudden promise of beauty like her mother's. Blake, a homesick young blade of a submarine officer in the Orient, had spent some years being desperately in love with Gertrude Dale. He sighed, remembering. Joanna sighed too.

"Our mother," she added, "is dead since last December."

Blake exclaimed sharply.

"Yes." The other children sat in appropriate silence, leaving the burden of narrative to their big sister. It was strange to hear the flat way in which Joanna spoke. It was not lack of feeling, rather the impossibility of adding verbal ornament to a fact so completely devastating. "It was a fever. She died in a hospital at Manila. We did not see her—after. Our father brought us word."

"You—poor lambs!" said Blake slowly.

"Yes!" Joanna sighed again. "So then our father busied himself to straighten out his affairs—liquidate a few assets, he said, in order to have the money to send us out of the damned country."

"Your father is with you?" asked Blake cautiously.

The second girl, named Mary, now chimed in:

"Oh, no! Father will see his job through over there!"

"Do you mean to say you've come all this way entirely alone?"

"He wrote to our grandmother in San Francisco," explained Joanna, "but it was God's will that she should not receive the letter. Nobody met the boat."

"It was Johnny thought of Wu Fong," said Mary.

"I met Wu Fong in Hongkong one time, with dad, you know," took up Johnny. "He said if ever we came to the States and needed a friend, not to forget that his abode was in San Francisco. So when there was nobody waiting—"

The cross fire of explanatory narrative swept on over Blake's slightly aching head. He heard only scraps. These children were not only astray—they were quite definitely set on the wrong road. He must rescue them. The oldest girl's dark eyes had by now reached his very heart with their trust and supplication. The littlest one laid a pathetically thin and not very clean hand on his knee. Details of shabby clothing began to impress him.

"My dears," he said paternally, "we must look up your grandmother at once."

Joanna's eyes turned aside a moment.

"It is not certain that we want to live with our grandmother."

"She has notions," added Mary. "She will want us to wear stockings and go to school. She thinks the way we've been brought up is shocking."

"She was not friends with our father," said Joanna passionately.

"She's ugly," put in the baby, "and doesn't allow fairy tales."

BLAKE was shocked; but a smile tugged, willy-nilly, at the corners of his mouth. He was seeing for a moment the predicament of the maternal grandmother. She would not be grateful to Gregory Dale for his gift of the children. Their bringing up would be all wrong according to her standards. It required a special understanding, which she wouldn't have. Very likely she wasn't friends with the father. A mother would not forgive easily a man who had swept her pretty daughter off her feet with the romantic nature of his service to humanity. And now to be overwhelmed with the orphaned offspring of that union! The kids were right in anticipating difficulties. Just the same, there was nothing else to do but place them in her keeping.

"What would you do otherwise?" he begged to know.

"We would look us up rooms," said Robin. "Mary could keep house—she's good at it really. Joanna and I could find jobs of sorts—"

"We have fifteen hundred dollars in money," said Mary.

Fifteen hundred dollars! In America—for five people—five misfit innocents!

"And you will see that we come to no harm," purred Joanna.

In the end Blake had to strike a bargain with her. The children would be delivered to their grandmother and would remain in her care, if she really were willing to take them and hadn't fled before their coming, provided that he, Anton Blake, the one link between their confused but colorful past and their gloomy future, would agree to visit them once a month if within call, or to communicate with them otherwise if he was away.

"Else we should die," said Joanna simply. She laid her cheek for a swift instant on the back of his hand.

Presently Blake found himself explaining the situation to his puzzled friends, who would have to finish the evening without him.

"You are embarrassed, Tony, but not on our account," mocked an exquisite disappointed young lady from Baltimore. "What a beauty the oldest of the female savages is!"

Across the dining room, meanwhile, Joanna dealt firmly with mutiny.

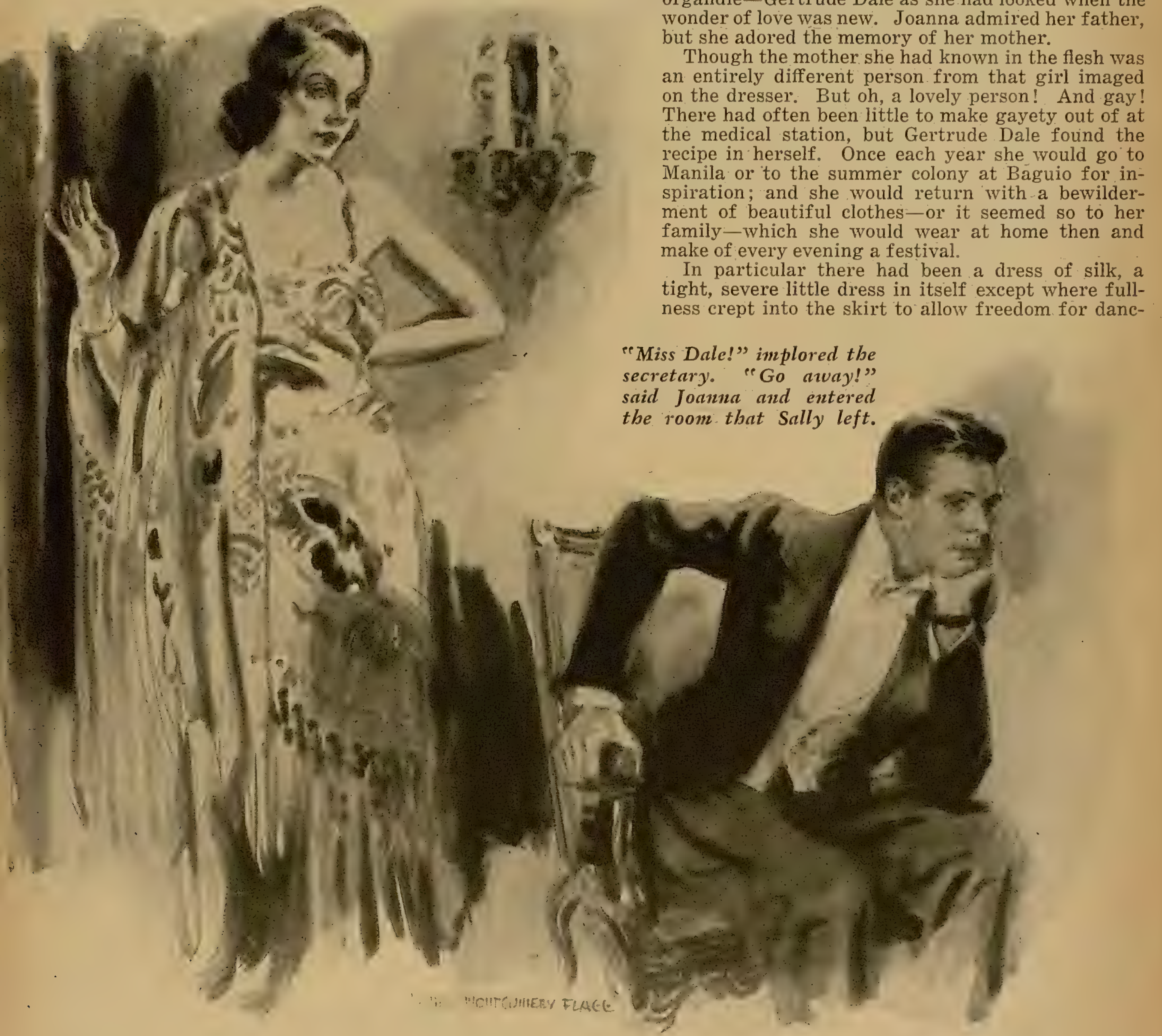
"We will live for a while in our grandmother's house," she decreed. "It is God's will, and it is only for a while."

It was five years at least; and at the end of five years the thought lay cold upon Joanna's heart that she had been betrayed by God with false hopes.

Five years later even the exquisite disappointed Miss Sally Butler of Baltimore could have found little to call savage in Joanna Dale, newly graduated with honors from Leland Stanford University, educated, Americanized, subdued, quite fit to match even so illustrious a hero as Anton Blake—though if Miss Sally could have seen

Joanna she might have understood why her own romance with the handsome and desirable naval officer had been so baffling. They had been stepping fast toward an engagement at the time of that weird encounter in San Francisco's Chinatown. Since then Tony had been still attentive—but elusive.

Meanwhile Joanna had been striving for perfection with one simple motive: to please Tony, who had been sent by God as a sign of promise on a most unpromising occasion. The striving had been hard, but the results were gratifying. Even the grandmother said, "Joanna has come out much better than I ever expected her to."



"Miss Dale!" implored the secretary. "Go away!" said Joanna and entered the room that Sally left.

The grandmother had received the five reluctant young humans but grudgingly. Her son-in-law's letter announcing their arrival had not yet been delivered to her.

That first evening had been terrible. Toots had even gone sick at her stomach and spotted a Persian rug. Finally out of the chaos a certain order had been established, with Toots and Mary in bed in a room adjoining their grandmother's bath downstairs and the boys and Joanna assigned to two half-story bedrooms above. That arrangement held for all those terrific five years.

On Joanna's dresser in a silver frame stood a photograph of her father. Gregory Dale had been worthy of five years of good conduct from his children. After he had sent them away he had given the rest of his life, four years, to the service of a leper colony.

Joanna would look at the picture, contemplating the love that had been between her gay beautiful mother and this strong tight-lipped man of whom she was so fiercely proud. That there had been this love no one could doubt. The harsh bitterness of Gregory Dale's renunciation after his wife's death forbade doubt. He really could not have borne the presence of his children, who knew.

Beside his photograph Joanna kept one of a young girl with fluffy dark hair and deep dark eyes, her virginal sweetness rising above a frock of stiff white organdie—Gertrude Dale as she had looked when the wonder of love was new. Joanna admired her father, but she adored the memory of her mother.

Though the mother she had known in the flesh was an entirely different person from that girl imaged on the dresser. But oh, a lovely person! And gay! There had often been little to make gayety out of at the medical station, but Gertrude Dale found the recipe in herself. Once each year she would go to Manila or to the summer colony at Baguio for inspiration; and she would return with a bewilderment of beautiful clothes—or it seemed so to her family—which she would wear at home then and make of every evening a festival.

In particular there had been a dress of silk, a tight, severe little dress in itself except where fullness crept into the skirt to allow freedom for dancing; but on Gertrude Dale it had been a costume. With it she had worn a large scarlet poppy and red velvet slippers and very red lips. And her arms had been ivory white, and her eyes deep and shining. She had looked like a painting by a master. Gregory Dale had got out his professional camera and made her picture, which he kept; and Tony had given her a dream of an embroidered shawl.

Yes, Tony had been visiting them when the dress made its appearance. Looking back, it seemed to Joanna now that Tony must have spent most of his Philippine leaves at their place. Joanna suspected that he had felt more romantically than that toward her mother. In fact, once when she and Tony had lunch alone together in town she asked him.

He blushed all over his handsome face. He could never fib! "Well, then, yes, you limb! I was in love with her, madly in love. She was the most charming woman I ever knew. But that was all, Joanna. Your mother was —everything you'd like to think her."

"Oh, Tony!" Joanna had a passionate desire to rise from the table and fling herself on Tony's chest in adoration.

Joanna had that dress, with its accessories. Unknown to anyone else, she had smuggled the ensemble into her luggage on leaving the islands. On occasion during the past years she had hooked herself into the dress, though it was a squeeze even over her athletic slenderness, and rouged her lips and put on the slippers.

"It cannot be much longer now," she had assured herself.

Meaning, quite simply, that when she had attained an American education and American perfection, according to God's will and Tony's and a severe grandmother's standards, she would reward Tony for his faith by marrying him. Then those of the other four who had not by that time achieved freedom for themselves could live with her and Tony.

It was a paradise which she had set as a goal. But Joanna knew even less about Miss Butler of Baltimore than Sally Butler knew of Joanna!

Her meeting, after five years, with Sally Butler, was much more of a shock than their first encounter. Joanna went so happily, so unsuspectingly into the contest! Mrs. Avery had asked her to a dinner.

Mrs. Avery was Tony's married sister, with whom he made his home after he retired from the navy and went into business manufacturing marine engines and pleasure boats. Mrs. Avery was a leader in the crispest upper crust of San Francisco society.

She had never been more than condescendingly kind to Tony's waifs, as she called them. Tony, she explained, was so impulsive!

Robin, home from Annapolis on Christmas leave, was Joanna's escort. Any dinner party of size given by or around Anton Blake these days was an occasion, because he was being considered for a position in the President's Cabinet.

He was a very young man to be Secretary of the Navy; but influences, the papers said, had been at work for him.

Mrs. Avery was entertaining as house guests the Butlers of Baltimore. Who they were Joanna hadn't an idea and gave them no thought. It was also rumored that the Big Chief of the nation was making a flying trip westward to spend Christmas in his California home and might attend for part of the evening. Joanna, dressing, wondered if she would not be entirely overlooked in her simple absurdly girlish frock of cream lace. Her grandmother still had notions!

IMAGINE her consternation, then, when she found herself, almost immediately after her arrival, being presented to the Big Chief himself, the man who held Tony's fate, and incidentally the nation's to a certain extent, in his hand. Pardonably Joanna flushed and was awkward —and she wished she had been overlooked. It would be nice to say afterward, "I met the President and his wife!" But actually it was pretty terrifying.

Desperately she sought among the forty people in the room for Tony. When he came, he led Miss Sally Butler by the hand. It might have been only a gesture of easy friendship.

It seemed more intimate. To Joanna, who had been watching intently, it was the first soft blow of an evening of disillusionment.

Sally Butler's coloring was Dresden. Her blonde hair just bordered on bronze. Her dress of palest silver blue enhanced her air of fragility. A single orchid on one narrow shoulder strap seemed to have lighted there like a moth. Entering the room, warm and chattery, she was a cool snow princess.

Joanna was not the only one impressed. Robin at her elbow gulped audibly. Sally Butler quite held everyone's attention. She knew it. She expected it. With another very, very intimate smile and glance at Tony, she freed her hand and came forward to mingle with the other guests.

She was sweet to Joanna. Her sweetness was like lumps of ice slipping down Joanna's back.

"Fancy our meeting again!" she said. "Did you know I was at Wu Fong's the night you landed in America?"

Joanna had a sickening memory of the spectacle she and her brothers and sisters must have presented.

"I didn't know," she said. "On that terrible evening I don't remember seeing anyone but our beloved Tony."

Thus she tried to stake a claim. But it was no use.

At the table Sally Butler sat between Tony and the Big Chief. Joanna was down at the far end.

"COULD you," she said to the man on her left finally, "tell me something about the Butlers? I don't mean gossip. I'm interested. Isn't—she lovely?"

"Yes," said the man briefly; and then he looked at Joanna as much as to ask where she had been living, not to know about the Butlers of Baltimore. He was a tall man, baldish, with eyeglasses and a square chin. Joanna smiled at him to prove she was not afraid of him, at least.

"I've been in school," she explained. "Stanford—I finished in June."

"I see. Well, the Butlers are the cream of the crop in Maryland, I should say. Money and position going back as far as the days of the Cavaliers. Very wealthy, very aristocratic—charming people, too. Miss Sally is their only child. They had a son, but he was killed in a hunt a few years back."

"I suppose," said poor Joanna, "they have political influence too?"

"Yes, indeed. Colonel Zach—fine-looking man, isn't he, with all that white hair?—digs as deep as anybody, I suspect, for campaign funds and the like; and the women are as well known in Washington society as in that of Baltimore. See here—are you Joanna Dale? Blake was speaking to me about you the other day. Showed me some things you wrote for a magazine while at Stanford. He thought—we both did—that your style had real color and personality. He suggested that you might like to work on my paper. My name's MacLaren. I'm managing editor for the Chronicle."

Joanna looked at him dumbly. So Tony had been seeing people about giving her a job! Five years ago, if Tony and God hadn't interfered, she would have found something for herself, if it was only selling shoe laces and buttons in a store. The family might have nearly starved; but anything would have been better than this. She would have forgotten Tony, perhaps, by now.

"You might come to see me the first of the week," said this Mr. MacLaren. "Shall we say Monday at ten? Don't be too overcome, child! It's just an opening. You'll have to make good, you know. And—eat your supper! You haven't touched a thing but ice water. This fillet of beef is celestial. You look too sound and healthy to be one of these silly starvers."

Food! Robin, across the way, was certainly "stoking his boilers." She personally would never eat with relish again. Nervously she snapped the clasp on her beaded evening bag.

"Thank you," she murmured. "You are very kind—and I'll try to make good." Resolutely she took up her fork and ate a small mushroom out of the gravy.

After dinner it was Mrs. Avery! She sat down on a brocaded couch beside Joanna and, unasked, talked to her about the Butlers. Mrs. Avery, with the devilish shrewdness of another woman, had seen through Joanna's passionate devotion to her younger brother. For the first time Joanna was ashamed of what had been a high white guiding star in a pilgrimage. Color flushed her cheeks as she sat very quiet and listened.

The engagement, Mrs. Avery thought, would be announced early in the new year. Tony was a clam about himself, but she knew. He'd urged her to invite the Butlers for a visit over this crisis. It would be the most brilliant match imaginable. With such a lovely wife, and married to the Butler millions and social dominance besides, there was no height Tony might not reach if he would.

Quiet, canny Tony! He'd worried his family a good deal as a young man with his romantic attachments, but it seemed he'd felt cautious about marrying. How wise he had been to wait! This girl—Sally Butler—could have married brilliantly a dozen times since she'd made her début; but once she'd met Tony, a slow-growing but deep-rooted devotion had germinated between them, an appreciation of the mind as well as the heart, which was a much sounder beginning than romantic passion.

Joanna sat very tightly under Mrs. Avery's torture; but, when she could, she escaped from the room and took refuge in Mr. Avery's library, a pleasant study set apart from the main rooms of the house but still within earshot of the chattery party. She would know by sound when it was time for her to make her appearance and say good-by. Heaven only knew what Mrs. Avery would think of her behavior, but it didn't matter. Joanna crawled into the depths of an old-fashioned leather chair, closed her eyes, laid her hands on her bosom, and wrestled with the storm within her that threatened destruction. Almost immediately a deep voice behind her said, "Am I intruding?"

JOANNA jumped—twice. She was prepared after the first shock for any man but the one who had come into the room. It was—the Big Chief himself! When Joanna would have sprung to her feet, he put her back into the chair with a kindly pat of his hand. He towered over her, big and kind—and paternal.

"Sit down!" he said. "I want to talk to you."

"To me?" said Joanna.

"To you. I understand you are the daughter of Gregory Dale—Dr. Gregory Dale."

"Oh! Did you know my father?"

"Not personally. I'm sorry. I wish I might have known him. He was always one of my favorite heroes, Miss Joanna. Won't you tell me about him?"

Hardly realizing how it had happened, Joanna found the tumult within her flowing into speech. For five years she had been homesick and for five and a half she had been lonely.

She began with anecdotes and bits of description about her father, and swept quite naturally into talk of her mother and their life on Mindoro. Tony came and went through the story. Was he not part of the picture?

"So you knew Blake out there, did you?" asked the great man when Joanna stopped—for breath, probably.

"Oh, yes! He—he was friends—he visited us often."

"Living that length of time on the islands—seventeen years, you said—you probably came to know the life there, conditions, the people, pretty

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well, better than most anyone else I can think of at present."

"Not better than Tony—Mr. Blake, you know. He was all about. I stayed pretty well in one place except when I was off at school."

"I see. Well, Miss Joanna, I have you to thank for a delightful quarter of an hour. I—I suppose we'd better go back to the party now. A man with a job like mine, you see, can't spend his time, even on a holiday, just as he'd choose. I hope you'll come to see me sometime—perhaps when I've lost my job—and tell me some more. I had no idea our territories were so nearly a paradise!"

Joanna went back to the Avery drawing-room on the arm of the President of the United States! Everybody sort of hushed. When Robin drove her home later in the shabby family sedan, even he had little to say, after the manner of brothers whose sisters set a pace! Joanna went to bed, too strangely exalted to weep. She was hardly surprised to be allowed to sleep past breakfast the following morning; but she was stunned when Mary, big-eyed and solemn, called her at ten, announcing that the President's secretary wished to speak to her on the telephone.

Joanna received a command invitation to an informal gathering at the Big Chief's home that evening. Her friends the Averys would attend, with Mr. Blake and others whom she knew. The President would make an informal announcement at dinner regarding Mr. Blake which would later be given officially to the press as news, and he was sure Joanna would be interested.

On a passionate whim, Joanna wore her mother's silk frock. "Mother, mother! Help me! Help me through this evening!" was her prayer as she laid out the quaint costume—not too quaint, however, for a season that encouraged picturesqueness and style whimseys of other days. It was a dress so skillfully fashioned by its gifted maker, anyhow, as to be beyond the decrees of mode. Bit by bit Joanna had applied each remembered detail: the rouged lips, the hair brushed off the forehead, the red velvet shoes; but the whole effect she did not consider until the very end. Then it was as if, in place of the mirrored reflection on her closet door, Gertrude Dale had come back from the mystery which is death. Joanna was frightened. She had not known she was so beautiful, so like—and it wasn't just what she wore. The emotional experience of the past twenty-four hours had put a depth into Joanna's eyes, a quiver to her mouth, a something—

"Joanna!" called her grandmother excitedly at the door. "The car is here! Why, Joanna Dale!"

Joanna snatched up a gorgeous silken shawl and fled.

BUT she arrived late at the dinner. A tire on the official car was ripped open by a nail on a lonely piece of road; and all its officialdom wouldn't annihilate the necessity for replacement or, five miles farther on, erase a wrecked moving van athwart the highway. The meal had reached its final course and the President was making an announcement when Joanna, under the guardianship of a young and appreciative secretary, stood, like a person who has come late to church during prayer, outside the dining room, waiting until she could make an apologetic entrance without disturbing the scene unduly.

"The position became vacant last week unexpectedly through the resignation of a most valued man." What a quiet voice the Big Chief had! "It is a most critical and difficult post to fill, but quite by chance I was shown the way. It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I have prevailed upon my young friend, Anton Blake, to accept the Governor-Generalship of the Philippines. As soon as the necessary formalities of ratification are completed—"

A murmuring of voices; then sharp, polite clapping and more voices, excited, clamorous, confused again.

"Now, if you wish," said the secretary at her elbow.

"Just a minute," pleaded Joanna faintly. "Just a minute, please."

The secretary placed a chair under her. He rushed her a drink of water. He was most concerned. Trained in punctilio, it was his one idea that she must recover quickly and report to the President, who had been much concerned over her nonappearance.

"Not that way—this!" he said firmly, perhaps ten minutes later, when Joanna had found her feet, though still somewhat dizzily, and stood between two doors, one leading to the reception room to which the party had withdrawn from the dining room.

Joanna perversely took another step toward the wrong door. Distinctly she had heard in that room the icy sweetness of Miss Sally Butler's voice and the rough burr that was Tony's when he was annoyed. She had no right to listen to what they said, but how else was she to know?

"YOU could have refused the appointment or taken it under advisement. Father could have got around the difficulty for you—"

"As it happens," said Tony, more and more roughly, "I didn't want to refuse. I was delighted, honored—and really glad to accept."

"Even," after a pause, "though it will cut you off from everyone here?"

"You mean—you will not marry me if I go out to the Philippines?"

"My dear Tony, you've never done me the honor to ask me to marry you."

"I couldn't until I had a position something like as important as that of Miss Butler of Baltimore."

"Tony, don't be crude!" There was another pause while Miss Butler of Baltimore waited for something Tony did not say. Then, "Well, I wish you success, though I think you are making a great mistake. I am leaving America too. I shall probably be living in Italy when you return."

"Miss Dale!" implored that everlasting secretary.

"Go away!" said Joanna and entered the room that Sally Butler left.

"Tony, don't be hurt!"

"I—am—not hurt!" Stiff pride melted in wonder. "Joanna—where did you get those things?"

"I kept them. I kept everything I could." And then she couldn't control herself another minute. "Tony, I couldn't have borne it if she had gone with you! It would have been horrible for you to marry her here—but you couldn't have taken her there!"

"I think," said Tony slowly, "I must have known myself it was impossible. Is it really asking a woman to go into exile?"

"No!" said Joanna passionately.

"Joanna, you haven't changed in the least—not really!"

"No!"

"I'm glad. I mean—Joanna, for heaven's sake, you've a hundred chances at happiness better than any I could give you— What am I saying?"

"I care nothing for the hundred other chances."

"Joanna, I was seventeen years old when you were born."

"I was seventeen, too," said Joanna, "when God sent you to me!"

It seemed eternity even after that before Tony's arm, strong, tender, trembling ever so little, was around her and she could lay an aching head permanently on his shoulder—at last.

Outside the door someone coughed discreetly. It might have been that secretary, but it sounded much more important.

THE END

You *CAN* Live *Without* MONEY

By WILLIAM J. ENRIGHT

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

"MISTER, I'll swap you a day's work for some food!"

The speaker was shabby. But his eyes were steady, and the farmer was favorably impressed.

"I don't want any charity," the shabby one added. "I've tried to get work, but there isn't any. Let me help you for a day and you can give me some fruit."

The farmer nodded. He needed help but couldn't afford workers. But he could pay in crops.

"Start right in," he ordered.

That evening the shabby man carried away a huge bag of produce. Part of this he divided with his neighbors. A warehouseman offered the loan of a truck and some space in his building, a loose organization came into existence, and soon the first California coöperative exchange was in existence.

Barter! The example of this jobless man was a kindling spark to the apparently dormant flame of courage and initiative. "Self-help!" became the motto that rang through the land, spurring on unemployed groups.

And today, one million and a quarter strong, in three hundred units throughout the country, they are waging a grim fight against the worst of depressions.

And they are winning!

A Salt Lake City exchange springs into existence, publishes a newspaper, mines coal, tans hides, dries fruit, and operates a buzz saw. And all without money!

The Hollywood intelligentsia turn to barter and swap instruction in biochemistry for character analyses, mural paintings for bridge lessons, beauty treatments for knowledge to overcome stammering.

Banks abruptly shut down in Detroit and a wide-awake department store immediately announces that it will accept farm products in exchange for other goods.

Such are a few of the developments that have accompanied the rise of barter and indicate its scope.

One prominent economist, Ernest Wolfe of Columbia University, thinks of the rapid rise of the barter movement as a resurrection of the pioneer spirit.

"People have come down to earth," another economist said. "Main Street has stopped looking at the ticker tape and returned to the soil."

From New York to Los Angeles, from Florida to Seattle, the barter movement has spread like a forest fire. Exchanges are of every conceivable type—but their aim is one: "Help yourself!"

Let's drop in and see how an exchange actually operates. The scene is a public school in the Bronx, New York, and the heads of the Inwood Mutual Exchange are paying off members in scrip. William Graves, a carpenter, is the first to be paid. He earned thirty dollars in scrip when he and three other men went into Pennsylvania and repaired a farmer's barn, for which they received 210 bushels of apples. Some of the apples were placed in local stores, which paid for them in other goods, and some were made into jelly by members of the exchange.

A complete cycle of Graves's portion of the money then begins. Graves, who had his piano tuned recently on the barter plan, pays off the tuner, Fred Dawson. Dawson hands over two dollars to Zena Ellinson, a stenographer who did some typing for him. Miss Ellinson is going to spend the money in a near-by dry-goods store which owes the exchange eight dollars for some carpenter work.

And so the scrip circulates.

Not merely are such outstanding exchange groups interesting from the number of people associated with them, but from the philosophy that directs their work. In Seattle the unemployed were militant. They formed the Unemployed Citizens' League and shortly they became so powerful politically that they were able to swing a municipal election in their direction. Other Washington cities—Tacoma, Spokane, Bellingham, Yakima, Walla Walla—organized similar leagues. Last year a conference resulted in the formation of a state league to further unemployment insurance.

So astonishingly has the Salt Lake City experiment developed that the work is not confined to Utah but extends to Arizona and to Idaho.

In Minneapolis about 4,000 workers operate under a central council. The organization has issued more than $25,000 in scrip since it started last fall. A bank functions for the handling of this scrip.

California has something like a hundred exchanges, with a total membership in excess of 200,000.

The Unemployed Coöperative Relief Association of California has about forty units, which are joined in a state-wide system. Potatoes from the north are swapped for citrous fruits from the south. San Pedro ships iced fish to the inland counties in return for vegetables.

Members of the Dayton Association of Coöperative Production units look upon barter as a pathway to a new method of living, a return to simplicity, with a maximum of leisure to be devoted to cultural pursuits.

In New York City the barter movement has gained the sponsorship of such well known economists and engineers as Stuart Chase, Dr. Frank D. Graham of Princeton, John Carmody, president of the American Society of Industrial Engineers, and several others. They have plunged into the experiment through formation of the Emergency Exchange Association. Four local exchanges have been opened in New York and several more are contemplated. The association views these units as a basis for a vast country-wide system.

Unemployed leadership is springing up all over the country, in practically every city of importance.

THE END

The Woman

ZEPPO
HARPO
GROUCHO
CHICO

An early picture of Mrs. Sam Marx, the inspiration and driving force behind the famous Four Marx Brothers, shown above in one of their characteristic stage poses. Her death was the greatest sorrow in their lives, but the show went on.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 45 seconds.)

AN itinerant magician traveled in a cart from town to town in northern Germany. As a side line he mended clocks or umbrellas—or what have you that needs mending? A slim, blue-eyed ash-blonde girl of fifteen, his daughter Minnie, sang to attract attention and later during the show filled the rôle of magician's helper. A boy, her brother, also sang and cracked personal jokes with the villagers, who crowded in numbers around the picturesque little group that laughed and played and was always ready for fun and mischief.

The boy, Adolph Schoenberg, became Al Shean of the famous Gallagher & Shean act.

The girl became Mrs. Sam Marx, mother of the Four Marx Brothers.

And how those boys do love to talk about her! If you say "your mother" to any one of them, you are immediately deluged with pæans of praise and a flood of anecdotes to prove that she was not only the most remarkable woman that ever lived, but the best mother. They give her full credit for making them "what they are today." For teaching them to act, to sing, to clown. For helping them write their stuff and booking it with managers. For going with them on the road, selling them to any manager who had a vaudeville house and would give her brood a chance.

She stayed by them, settling their disputes, arranging their financial affairs, scolding, browbeating, directing but not restraining their crazy irresponsibility on and off the stage.

There was a long interval between the time she did her own act as magician's helper in Germany and the time she sponsored her sons. At fifteen she came to America and worked in a straw-hat factory, and almost immediately met and fell in love with Sam Marx, pants worker. When they married, four years later, she set about having a family. All boys. Five of them.

It is characteristic of the waggish nature of Minnie Marx that she used nicknames for her boys. The eldest became Chico. In close succession followed the ones dubbed Harpo, Groucho, Gummo, and Zeppo. She called them by clowns' names and taught them clowns' tricks.

Their flat in the German-Jewish section near Second Avenue in lower New York must have been a perpetual merry-go-round, with Mamma Marx turning the wheel to keep her five boys spinning.

They were too poor to own a piano. But Chico, her eldest, must learn to play. Mrs. Marx set off to visit a neighbor, a Mrs. Wall, who gave piano lessons at a dollar an hour. Mrs. Marx argued, cajoled, insisted. The boy had real talent—he must be taught. He would do honor to his teacher some day if she'd spare him time for lessons. Twenty-five cents an hour was all the family budget could manage. And would Mrs. Wall also allow Chico to practice every day on her piano?

So firm was Mrs. Marx in her belief in her boy, so overpoweringly persuasive in her entreaty, that Mrs. Wall gave in. Chico got his lessons and the right to practice every day. The whole country has since shaken with laughter at his droll, eccentric, and nimble playing.

The only musical instrument in the Marx home was an old harp brought over from Germany by the grandmother. For years it stood silent in a corner. Harpo, at first strumming idly, taught himself how to conjure melody out of the strings. He never took lessons and to this day he cannot read a note of music. But he got his name and later his fame from the golden instrument that he mastered and bent to his musical will.

Groucho was the hope of the family. He was handsome and he had a beautiful singing voice. The ambitious Minnie Marx didn't wait for him to grow up. She stormed the agency offices day after day. It didn't matter if her dusting and cooking were neglected. Getting her boy a job on the stage was more important. "My son, he is good, I tell you," she repeated over and over again.

Who Taught Her Children to be Fools

by CLARA BERANGER

"Give him a chance—he will show it to you himself how fine he can sing and act."

If a mother's arguments and faith could get an opening for her offspring, Groucho would have his chance. It took her six months to gain her point, six months of long waits in outer offices, of insults from uninterested managers and impudent office boys.

Groucho got a job in Gus Edwards' vaudeville act, only to lose it a few weeks later because he reached the age of changing voice. He was stranded in Denver, but he wasn't defeated. Any son of Minnie Marx would have enough invention to work himself out of a hole. Groucho earned his fare back by driving a grocery wagon.

Meanwhile the other boys were getting education in the New York public schools, and tormenting teachers and pupils by their endless pranks. In school as well as at home the Marx boys clowned and played tricks. If they laughed at the jokes played on teachers and the other kids, they shrieked at jokes played on each other.

TRIPPING a guileless youngster to make him fall, pulling a chair from under a heedless sitter, putting sticky licorice "shoestrings" in the hat of an unsuspecting teacher were part of the daily routine. Minnie Marx couldn't scold because she always laughed first. She was the boys' first and best audience. A gagster herself, she entered into the spirit of her children's fun.

She couldn't even get angry when Harpo, falling youthfully and desperately in love with his pretty blonde teacher, refused to study. If he did he might be promoted! And he wanted to stay in the same class to be near the blonde. For three years the hitherto smart boy pretended to be too stupid to learn his lessons, and for three years he stayed in the same class.

Above is Groucho Marx, the wise-cracker of the quartet, shown when he was seventeen and a clever boy vaudeville star.

The first break in the family and the first heartache from any of her children came when Chico ran away. He was just a kid who wanted adventure. He wandered around the country for eight years, earning his living by playing the piano in restaurants, in movie houses, in any place they needed an ivory-pounder. It was in Scranton, Pennsylvania, that he proved himself a true son of his ingenious, thrifty mother.

He had been playing the piano all evening in a café and stopped for intermission to sit around the bar with a group of men. A huge burly Irishman entered wearing a derby hat several sizes too large for him.

"Who's got nerve enough to sink the ship?" one of the customers suggested, pointing to the Irishman's derby. In a flash Chico was behind the Irishman's chair and had jammed the hat down over his eyes. A scramble followed. Beer bottles hurled at the dodging Chico crashed through a large window. Damages, fifty dollars, which Chico was ordered to pay.

Minnie Marx of course knew nothing of all this. She didn't even know in what part of the country her eldest-born was getting into mischief. She never worried, because she had faith that he would be able to take care of himself under any conditions.

The other boys were growing up and Mrs. Marx now set seriously about the task of putting them over in the theater. She had so much trouble with agents and managers that she decided to be a manager herself. She booked a tour for three of her sons—Groucho, Gummo, and Harpo—that would take them from New York to Chicago. Disappointments, canceled bookings, cold houses, lack of funds—nothing could discourage her. It

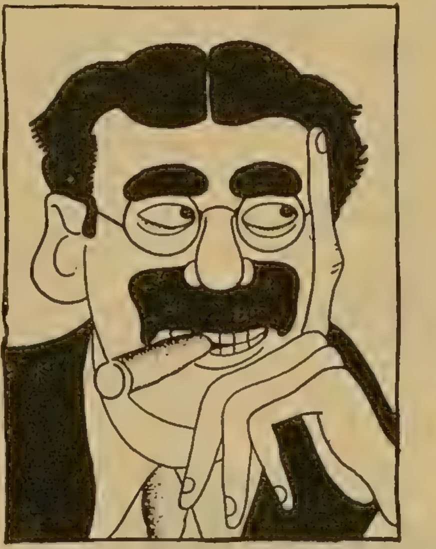
This picture shows Gummo Marx, now retired; Leo Levin, hired by the trio, with Groucho and Harpo, when they had an act called the Six Mascots.

took the troupe a year to land in Chicago, with Sam Marx, the father, selling silks and woolens as a side line to bolster up the meager bank roll.

It was like the old days of the wandering magician in Germany. Minnie Schoenberg, who had sung for her father, now screamed and begged and argued for her sons.

Although all the boys except Zeppo were now grown men, she decided they would have to pose as kids young enough to travel half fare. She bought only two whole-fare tickets, for herself and for her husband. She rolled up the boys' pants to the knees and covered their legs with long stockings. She instructed Harpo in the childlike trick of sucking his thumb. Groucho was taught to snatch idiotically at flies. Gummo to affect a high falsetto voice.

Next Week—



Beginning

THE OUTLINE OF LOVE

A scientific treatise from which you will derive no benefit whatever

By

Groucho Marx

President of Nutleigh University and Vice President of the Baltimore Dairy Lunch Club

“ Madam,” said a conductor sourly, “ do you know that one of your little boys is shaving himself in the washroom and another one is out on the platform smoking a big cigar? ”

“ They're smart kids, my boys, ain't they? ” she laughed. “ Always up to tricks! ” Entirely undaunted, she joked and clowned with the conductor, and before he had time to press her for the extra fare he was laughing with her.

In Chicago she got bookings for a little vaudeville act they had all worked out among them. It was called Fun in Hi-Skool. The three Marx boys as proverbial mischievous scholars, three girls who could sing, and a teacher who tried to manage them formed the basis of a slapstick farce that played in vaudeville houses throughout the Middle West.

Minnie Marx had succeeded in getting three of her five boys started on a stage career. Chico was still away. Zeppo was old enough not to need much attention. And there was a vacancy in her life that housework and cooking could not fill. By this time she had learned enough about the agency and booking business to qualify as an agent herself. She took a partner and went seriously into business. Her dynamic personality, her shrewd judgment, her stick-to-it-iveness predicated success. As she had fought for her own children she now fought for other actors who sought bookings.

A generation ahead of her time in the restlessness that makes women enter the ranks of men in the business and professional world, she was eternal in her mother-consciousness. There was never a time in her life when she put business ahead of her boys. She would drop whatever she was doing to take a trip to some little town where the boys were playing, if a rumor or a letter informed her that all was not well with her brood.

Chico, stranded in Grand Rapids, got an idea that if he joined his three brothers they might put on a tabloid comic opera that would last an hour and bring them into the big-money class. He had no idea where the brothers were, but he knew that his mother had settled in Chicago. He got in touch with her and she sent him money for his fare home.

NO reproaches for running away. “ Oh, my boy, my little Chico! ” she wept. “ You make me so happy just to let me see you again. I bet you ain't had no cooking so good as mamma's since you left—so? ”

The fatted calf for the return of the prodigal. Only after she had stuffed him to capacity would she let him talk of plans.

When he outlined his idea for an act, her showman's hunch told her it was a good thing. She accompanied him to Waukeegan, where the brothers were playing. Chico talked the manager into allowing him to play the piano for his brothers' performance.

The boys hadn't seen Chico for nearly eight years. When the curtain went up on their act, the music was more skillfully played than usual. They stole a look at the pianist. A wide grin answered them as Chico rakishly performed tricks with his fingers over the keyboard. Oranges, designed as a morning gift from pupils to teacher in the sketch, were hurled over the footlights and landed juicily on the eyes, the cheeks, the hands of the pianist. The audience rocked with laughter. Chico, never stopping his accompaniment, hurled them back. Pencils, books, chairs followed in wild confusion. The rougher the horseplay the more the audience roared.

Later, when the plan for a tabloid opera became a reality, this spontaneous greeting to a long-lost brother was incorporated as a gag in the act, which was expanded into an hour's entertainment under the name of Mr. Green's Reception. The schoolroom stuff was retained and a second part written showing the children grown up and on a visit to their teacher. As adults they bore out the promise of their childhood. Full of pranks and jokes, they still sang and buffooned their way through life.

Four of the five Marx brothers were now together, earning a good living by clowning in vaudeville houses.

CHICO, as an Italian, played the piano. Harpo, with a red wig and his harp, proved himself by accident a master of pantomime. A new act had to be prepared in a hurry. Harpo happened to be out when Minnie Marx and the others went to work to write a sketch with dialogue and gags. At the last moment it was discovered that they had forgotten to put in lines for Harpo!

The curtain went up. He had to make an entrance. It was an opportunity too good to be missed by perennial jesters. The three brothers decided to play a practical joke on Harpo—to torment him with questions, in the hope of confusing him and driving him into a corner.

But Harpo outwitted them and won for all time his theatrical spurs. He made faces, he rolled his eyes, he honked an automobile horn that was strapped to his waist. He improvised business and gags because he did not dare to improvise language. His silent antics brought down the house. And from that day to this he has never spoken a line in the theater.

Groucho became the wise-cracker of the gang. Gummo, good-looking and adept with the saxophone, was the fourth, until he went to war.

On his return he felt incapable of clowning, and the youngest, Zeppo, was substituted in his place to keep a troupe of Four Marx Brothers before the public.

When they got into a real show and had their name in electric lights over the marquee of a Broadway theater, Minnie Marx felt that her life had not been spent in vain. After careful consideration—she was always careful about spending money—she decided to buy a new evening gown.

“ I should worry about a few dollars for a new dress! Am I a piker, to look like a washerwoman so my sons should be ashamed on their big night? Nix, Sam,” she said to her husband. “ I get me a new dress. I want my boys should be proud of their mamma.”

She had visions of a grand entrance on the opening night, and she was determined to be dressed worthily. She picked out a beautiful lustrous material. She saw herself, rich in satin and furs, sweeping haughtily down the aisle, conferring nods of recognition on friends who had come to witness the show. It would be her big moment, her supreme triumph. Weren't these her boys, hand-trained by herself?

She didn't sweep into the theater. She was carried in. The zany god of the cap and bells who steered the Marx destiny played a prank on her. She fell from a chair on which she had climbed to view in a mirror the length of her new evening gown, and she broke an ankle. The Marx family, who had always laughed at falls, thought this was worth a scream. And Minnie Marx laughed loudest. Undaunted, she had her ankle set in plaster, and hired two orderlies to carry her on a stretcher to the theater. The show was a grand triumph. It justified all the struggles she had gone through.

After that first success, I'll Say She Is, came Cocoanuts and Animal Crackers. Minnie Marx saw her boys in all of their shows, for she moved from Chicago to New York to be near them and to watch their progress in the theater. She never got over the habit of working with them, and they never got over the habit of going to her with their troubles, their problems, and their joys.

They bought her a home in Richmond Hill, Long Island. They bought her a car and everything her heart craved. They were a clannish group, held together against the world by the forceful, tactful domination of a matriarch. Friday night, evening of the Jewish Sabbath, always saw the family gathered together for dinner. Early dinner it had to be when the boys were playing in the theater. But the whole troupe appeared. Wives and children and other relatives. The home of Minnie Marx was always open to any friend or connection of the family.

She lived to see an achievement greater even than her wildest hopes—the popularizing of the Marx Brothers throughout the world. Their first motion picture was based on Cocoanuts. Minnie Marx went to see it fifty-one times! She knew it would be shown everywhere. And she knew that her clowns had clicked with the millions who comprise movie audiences, just as they had clicked with thousands in the theater. For twelve years she had been suffering from a tumor on the brain. She never talked about it. Never let anyone make an invalid of her.

The boys were playing Animal Crackers in New York. Mamma and Papa Marx had had an early dinner with Zeppo and his wife in their apartment on East Seventy-eighth Street. When Zeppo left for the theater, the older couple got into their car to return to Richmond Hill. Crossing the Fifty-ninth Street bridge, Minnie suddenly seized her husband's arm.

"Give me the looking-glass, Sam! I think I got a stroke."

She never spoke again. The terrified husband ordered the chauffeur to drive them back to Zeppo's apartment. Doctors were sent for. But it was no use.

And her sons in the theater, advised by telephone of her sinking condition, went through the ultimate ordeal of actors. To laugh, to jest, to carry on the show—while their mother lay dying. When the final curtain had been rung down, four clowns, still in make-up, wept over the body of Minnie Marx.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—What nations took part in the Seven Years' War?

2—What is the most eastern point of the United States?

3—What is the third largest city in the world?

4—What is alabaster?

5—What is the brightest star?

6—What is an anchovy?

7—What is a upas tree?

8—Where was the first of the present type of town meetings in the United States held?

9—What was the Boston Port Bill?

10—What was the ancient name of Scotland?

11—When did the first Canadian Expeditionary Force leave for France?

12—Who are the Circassians?

13—What was Riel's Rebellion?

14—Where is Scapa Flow?

15—Who was Lawrence Barrett?

16—Who wrote The Ring and the Book?

17—What is the meaning of the phrase, Tom, Dick, and Harry?

18—Who was Henry Fielding?

19—When was the Reign of Terror?

20—What is the meaning of the Latin motto, *Sic Semper Tyrannis*?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

QUESTION—What makes Chocolate flavored Vitavose particularly valuable for the child who won't eat? *See page 58 for answer.*

Why try to rush the dawdler through her meals

find out the real reason why she won't eat

Hurry!
you'll be late again for school

She *sits* and *sits* at the table—yet hardly seems to touch her food. What is wrong?

The real trouble may be lack of appetite. Many children simply do not get enough of the factor essential for good appetite—*Vitamin B*.

Mothers beg, bribe, coax and scold. But this shouldn't be necessary! Often all they require is some *special* source of Vitamin B every day!

One of the easiest ways to give it to them is with *Chocolate flavored Vitavose!*

Three heaping teaspoons in a glass of milk provide as much Vitamin B as a whole quart of milk.

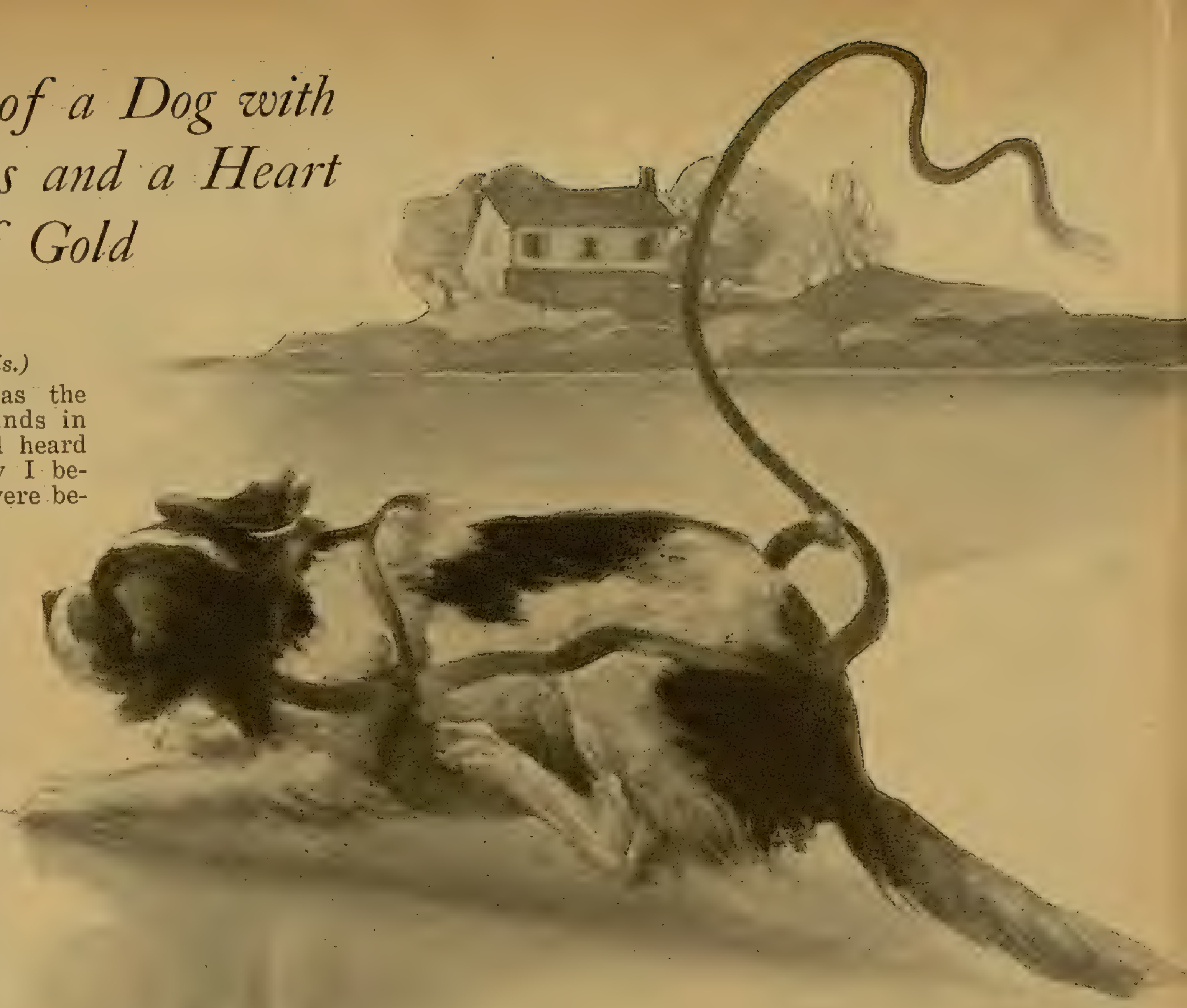
Chocolate Vitavose also supplies iron for the blood and other nourishing, building-up factors.

And its flavor is delicious! Children like it with their meals, after school. Begin to give it to them right away! It may be obtained at any good drug store.

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE *flavored* VITAVOSE

A delicious appetite-building drink for the child who won't eat

The Story of a Dog with Funny Legs and a Heart of Gold



(Reading time: 15 minutes 31 seconds.)

BILL McALPIN has the best Newfoundlands in the world. I had heard this many times. Now I believed it. There they were before my eyes, magnificent big fellows, galloping loose-limbed up and down, or standing man-high against the stout wire of the kennel run, hurling at Bill the grandest canine thunder that I had ever heard.

I had just been officially introduced. Champion Mermaid, Champion Skipper, Boatswain and Susquehanna, Waterwitch, International Champion Shipmate, and a litter of pups to melt the heart of a reënforced-concrete duck.

"Which is the best one, Bill?" I asked. To me they all looked perfect.

"Barry," said Bill.

I didn't remember any Barry. "Who's Barry?" I asked Bill.

"The best Newfoundland dog there is," Bill said. "The champ of champs. He'll be here in a couple minutes. He goes to the school-bus stop to get the kids. Barry's his nickname—full title, Barracuda. We call him that because he can't swim a stroke!"

I looked at Bill.

"Don't look at me like that," Bill said. "To go by most Newfoundland tales, you'd think the breed had gills. Listen. Get this straight. Water prowess is not their outstanding trait; caretaking is—sense of responsibility, looking after things. It's this that makes them such fine dogs with children. They guard the kids from every peril; water of course, but just as vigilantly from any other danger."

Talking, we walked back to Bill's porch, which looks toward the lovely Susquehanna, and had just got seated when there came a sound of boisterous voices, and round the corner of the house trooped the McAlpin youngsters. There was little Bill and Bruce and Madge, and with them came cavorting Barracuda, Bill's best-of-all-the-breed Newfoundland—and I still hope that Bill didn't see my face when I first caught sight of that dog. If Bill had said that he was the worst of all Newfoundlands, he still would have been wrong about a hundred and eight per cent. If that dog was a Newfoundland of any kind—good, bad, or horrible example—I was Helen of Troy.

That animal was about everything that a good Newfoundland should not be. He was flat-skulled and hound-eared, and his soulful eyes showed haw like a champion St. Bernard. He was slab-sided like a Russian wolfhound, and up on the leg in front, with no more brisket than a halibut. He was also, for good measure, sway-backed. But most remarkable was this—that the opposite ends of him presented to the astonished eye the most ridiculous contrast that I had ever seen in any of God's creatures. Barracuda's face was sad past words. The drooping pendent ears, the saintly haw, the mournful bloodhound flews formed a countenance of woe. But the stern of him was jaunty as a Scottie's! A Newfoundland's tail, like a bulldog's, should never come above the level of his back, a requirement of dignity. Whatever the excitement, be it rump stew, rough-house, or the ladies, this must hold. But Barracuda's tail, superbly feathered as an Afghan hound's, waved high and handsome o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave, doing its noblest to compensate the despondency and gloom that marked the other end.

He barged around the corner with the kids, and went for Bill McAlpin like the frumious Bandersnatch of Carroll's mighty epic. Over went chairs and tables in his path.

"Well, well!" Mac greeted him, a whole world of affection in his voice. "So you brought them all home safe and sound. Good dog I call you! Now take your large cadaver off my lap and show your bringing up. Can't you see we got company? Meet the old champ himself!" And McAlpin gave this huge mooncalf a shove in my direction.

He made it over to me in two ambles and one upset ash stand, and offered me both paws at once. They thumped down on my chest like two smoked hams, and I nearly catapulted over backward out of my chair. But let me tell you this: there looked into my eyes a pair that offered depths of loyalty as bottomless as those of any dog eyes I have ever tried to plumb.

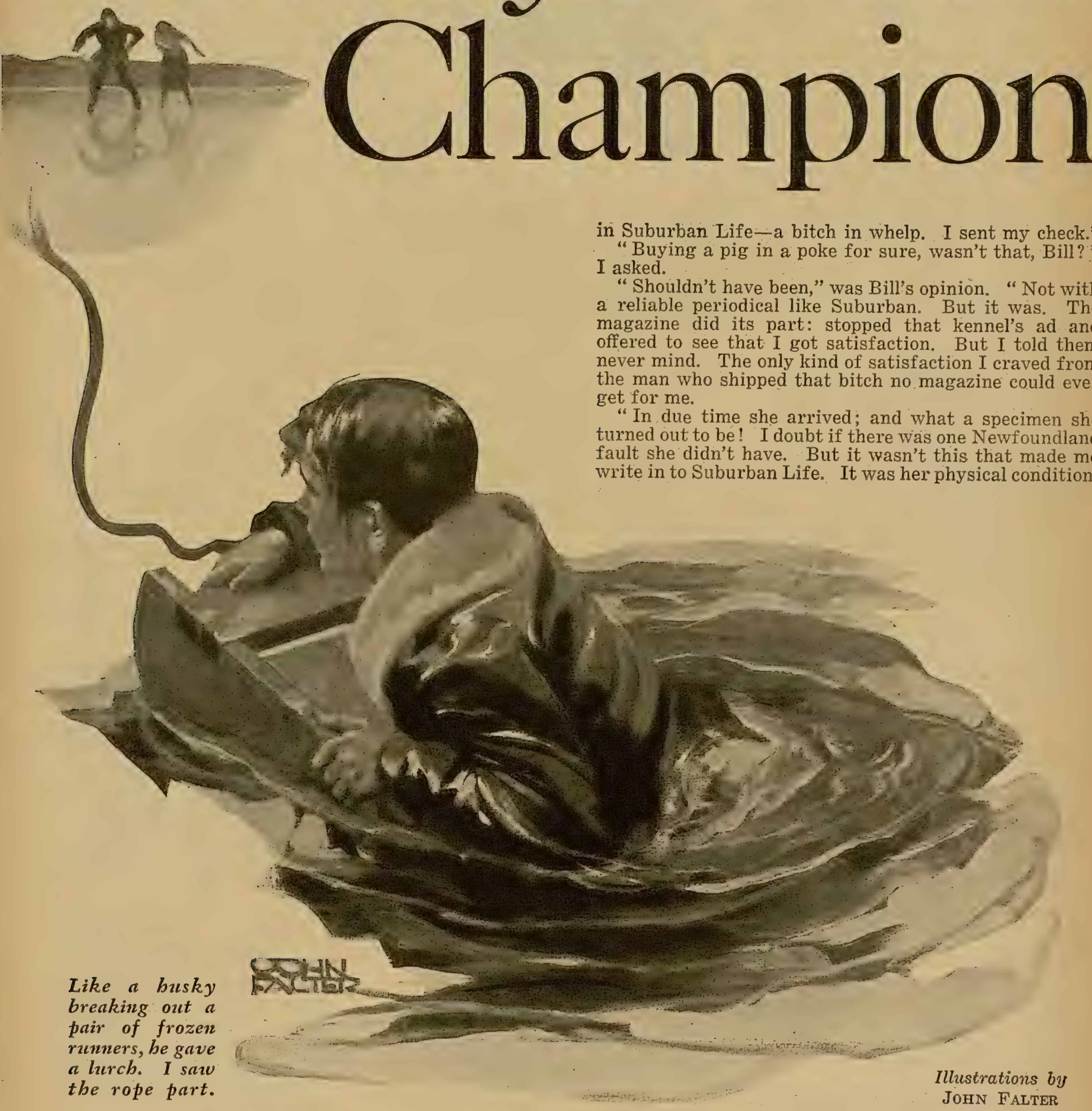
"Come on now—honest," Bill McAlpin said. "What did you think it was at first? Jubjub? Wunkus?"

"What are you trying to do, Bill?" I asked. "Spoof me? I knew right away he was a dog. He's a Patagonian albertwitchit hound."

"Kids," Bill said, "this is your Uncle Münchhausen, come to visit. Such badtime sturries it gifs tonight!

Nobody's Champion

By R. G. KIRK



Like a husky breaking out a pair of frozen runners, he gave a lurch. I saw the rope part.

Illustrations by
JOHN FALTER

Oi-yoi! Now go get on your bathing suits. Sure, you can let the dogs out. All of them. Yes, the pups too. Now scram!

"What started me with Newfoundlands," Bill said when the riot had moved down to the river's edge, "was the purchase of this place. I didn't know much about the breed aside from their well known reputation as life guards. There were all our kids and here was all this river. And in me lived an old, long-cherished thought that there could be no finer avocation for a man than raising dogs. I browsed through dog ads in the country magazines, and finally came on what I thought I wanted in Suburban Life—a bitch in whelp. I sent my check."

"Buying a pig in a poke for sure, wasn't that, Bill?" I asked.

"Shouldn't have been," was Bill's opinion. "Not with a reliable periodical like Suburban. But it was. The magazine did its part: stopped that kennel's ad and offered to see that I got satisfaction. But I told them never mind. The only kind of satisfaction I craved from the man who shipped that bitch no magazine could ever get for me.

"In due time she arrived; and what a specimen she turned out to be! I doubt if there was one Newfoundland fault she didn't have. But it wasn't this that made me write in to Suburban Life. It was her physical condition. She was sick. Worse: she showed unmistakable evidence of abuse. And not only that. Instead of being four weeks off, as advertised, her hour was at hand. Mistreatment, I have little doubt, had much to do with hurrying her time.

"We got her home and gave her every care and help. We made her comfortable and quiet. Late the following night there was a litter. Two were dead. Three died within a week. She followed. I think she went out happy, one puppy still alive and digging at her; and we had all been very good to her the few days she was with us. She paid back love with compound interest, as dogs do. She left us Barry, there.

"I think," said Bill McAlpin after a little pause, "that Barry's mother must have broken from her kennel during the last critical period of her life. And it is my opinion also that when she came home again her owner, in a rage, gave her a brutal mauling. I wouldn't put that past a skunk who'd ship an animal in the shape that poor old girl was in. At any rate, from sickness or abuse, or both, she died. But Barracuda lived. He lived and flourished like the green bay tree.

"He started out with unalloyed enthusiasm and high purpose to become a bloodhound. But lacking bloodhound tenacity he shortly changed his mind, or something, deciding it would be much more exotic if he turned out a Saluki. Then dachshund possibilities intrigued him—and it was at about this time that the theory began to take shape in my mind about his ma's possible excursion into the demimonde. But, after all, the chief ingredients of Newfoundland blood are old and potent, and some of this, at least, was in him. And so, in spite of all that he could do contrariwise, he grew up a Newfoundland, believe it or not," said Bill.

"And he can't swim a stroke," I added.

"Skeptic!" Bill said. "But, just the same, the only time I ever saw him try he couldn't."

"And you can't make him learn?"

"I'll never force him. Too interesting a chance to study dog. Dogs," Bill continued, "aren't quite the natural swimmers most folks think. You take a dog who has never been in the water and throw him in where it's deep, and you are really, without intention, being pretty cruel. You think he'll swim right off. But what does he do? He tries to climb out on the surface! I've seen it scores of times. Body straight up and down, front legs thrashing in the air. Panic has him. And generally he keeps right on trying to get out on top this treacherous, fearful stuff, until he goes under. Then, usually, his lungs float him up in natural position, and he swims. But he has had a pretty tough half minute, thanks to you. Barry, there, never got past this climb-out-on-the-surface stage. He's scared to death of water. Always was. Why? Who knows? Maybe it's some inheritance from his ma. She didn't look so danged amphibious herself. But Barry did get one sure-enough Newfoundland trait from her. The very paramount one. He has the firm conviction that his mission on this earth is that of guardian angel for the kids.

"Strange," Bill McAlpin mused, "what Fate may use to stand between a man and dreadful tragedy. For instance, a Newfoundland dog is well let down between his forelegs, like a bulldog. He is not up on the leg for fast and shifty footwork, like a big-game-hunting Airedale. Like all great swimmers, he has tremendous lungs, and his huge barrel of a chest goes well below his elbows. Here's the strange thing: Lack of this very characteristic in Barry kept death out of our house.

"IT was December of Barry's second year. That winter the Susquehanna closed in time for the Christmas holidays. We made the most of it. Skated and sledded and tramped the ice till ruddy health nearly burst through the youngsters' cheeks. We rigged a harness for Shipmate and hitched him to the sleds. Something of olden-time Newfoundland days must have awakened in the big dog's race memory, for he loved it, and would stand by the sleds and bark his fool head off to be hitched. Then off he'd go, dragging a string of kids, with all the other dogs racing and barking thunderously at his side.

"That is, all the other dogs but Barry.

"Old Mother Nature couldn't put a thing across on Barry. Ice was water, and he knew it and would have none of it. Beneath its cold deceitful cover flowed the river, cold and black. He didn't even like the snow. That stuff was water too. You couldn't fool Barracuda. And it was cold. Imagine it—a Newfoundland objecting to the cold! The colder it gets the better they like it. But Barry! Well, Barry spent his winters right before the fireplace, so close up to it that I swear his brains, or what he had, got shriveled to a nutmeg. One hell of a Newfoundland dog!

"Early in January that year came a long hard rain, an April rain, midwinter, as can occur in Pennsylvania, a state which can produce more different kinds of weather in a shorter space of time at any season of the year than any other region of the habitable globe.

"Then a freeze followed. But for a while our fun was at an end. Unless a bitter-cold spell came, there would be no more going on the river. A strong temptation too, for the flooded ice froze to a sheet of window glass a mile wide and as far as you could see upstream and down. Shipmate stood by the sleds and barked and barked. Not a chance. Beneath that mirror crust the thicker ice lay, rotted by the rain and treacherous, protected from the strengthening cold; the worst of possible conditions. It would take zero weather to correct it. Orders: Stay off.

"And so one afternoon tragedy arrived.

"There was no scream. It merely happened by the grace of God that I looked out the window when I did. I had quit my office earlier than usual that day. When I got home the older children had not yet come back from school. I came into the living room, and Barry raised his frizzled head from the hearth and thumped his tail in greeting, too comfortably hibernating to arouse himself. Nance said, 'Home so early? Fine. Let's take a walk. We'll meet the kids.' I said, 'Just right. Where's little Bill?' Nance said, 'Outside somewhere. Shipmate is taking care of him.' And just then I looked out toward the river.

"I can see Nance's face go ghastly yet from what she saw in mine. I dropped my arm from her shoulder, whirled, burst through the French windows and across the porch, down over the icy lawn and out upon the river. I could hear Nance running close behind me, but I dared not stop to halt her.

"FAR out, a third way to the other shore, little Bill, reaping dreadfully the fruits of his first grave disobedience, lay on his belly on his sled, and Shipmate, swimming strongly upstream in a black terrible patch of water, was breaking off great cakes of ice as he tried to climb out on to it. Lucky that sled of little Bill's was a huge old-timer. My granddad had made it for me when I was a kid. I had always loved it. I had kept it. That sled was made. It never would wear out. You know the kind. They rumble. We called them butter boxes. Blessed above all sleds that ever carried joyous youngsters. That day it floated little Bill while he hung on for life.

"Don't tell me Shipmate's efforts to climb out were mere self-preservation. I know Newfoundlands. That dog realized his job, his terrible responsibility. He had to get that sled out of the water! And his strong legs with their broad paddles held their own against the river, with enough to spare to let him get his paws up on the ice.

"He broke through and broke through again. He finally broke through to ice that held; and as I struggled toward him I saw him get his thick forearms up and saw his splendid muscles lift him out.

"A second, and he had the sled against the upstream edge of ice, and little Bill's hands were clutching at it as he tried to wriggle forward. He would have made it too; but, tragically, it was Shipmate's very strength and eagerness to help that kept him from it. That sled. It would not come. The footing was too smooth. Those butter-box runners were too squarely sloped in front. Knowledge came down from old Newfoundland days to help the dog. He set his broad pads carefully. Then, like a husky breaking out a pair of frozen runners, he gave a mighty, sudden lurch. And my heart died within me as I saw the light rope part!

"The dog pitched forward, sprawling. The current pulled the sled from under little Bill and swept it against the downstream edge of ice. I saw it tilt up, get sucked under. And then, as though it had hurried back upstream to finish out its fiendish work, the river took fast hold on little Bill's two feet, and dragged his clutching fingers from the ice.

"No one could reach him now. I could not possibly, with any agony of effort, get to him in time. Nance could not get to him in time. And Shipmate, helpless, bit and tugged now frantically at the sled rope, which entangled his back legs. That little boy alone against the terrible winter river! Nobody could get to that little boy in time. Skeleton fingers, icy cold, closed about my heart. Nobody—

"Past me, as though I had been standing still, flashed that old gargoyle sitting there now with his head on your knee! And up ahead of me white spray flowered as he struck that dreadful inky water. Then I heard little Bill, breathless with cold and terror as he must have been, scream as his rescuer took hold of him. He couldn't swim a stroke—that dog. He hated ice. He hated cold. He was afraid of water as of death. What of it? Here was a job of taking-care. Here was responsibility. Here was duty. Here was a bit of work for a Newfoundland dog!

"SWIM? He didn't try to swim! He tried to climb out on the surface of the water. He still was struggling vertically when the river swept him down against the ice. One of his forelegs, thrashing high, went out upon it. He swung the other up. The current dragged his tail end under. One of his worst faults saved him and the boy he stuck to. Up on the leg, like a good Airedale, God be thanked. Had he been swung down in between his front legs, like a good Newfoundland, his rounded brisket would have unhooked his elbows from the ice!

"The Lord is good. He gives me all the breaks," said Bill McAlpin. "Mrs. McAlpin—Nance to all visiting firemen, authors, and the like—is long and slight. She lay flat, and I slid her out ahead of me. Water swished icily against her almost to her waist before she got one hand in little Bill's hair. By that time Shipmate had worked free. He got her by the skirt and helped me pull.

"Look at him out there, will you? Look at him swim. That's Mate. Halfway across the river, towing Madge. Yeh. She's hanging to his tail. . . . Oh, sure thing. Madge could swim it. She's made it to the other shore with me; although we wouldn't let her go alone.

"That dog," said Bill McAlpin, simply stating facts, not boasting, "has enough points from shows to make him champion two or three times over. Skipper and Mermaid too, both splashing with the youngsters down there by the shore, can show the coveted 'Ch.' before their names. And I have seen them all; every first-class Newfoundland on this side and in England. But right here, high and dusty, far from that river full of clammy, cockeyed stuff that you can't walk out on except in winter, when it's too ungodly cold—right here, with his old flat head on your knee, sits the apogee and consummate flower of his breed! Even"—Bill grinned, a trifle red-faced with this burst of oratory—"even," Bill added, "if his papa was a bulldog!"

I looked at Bill. "Bill," I said, "this scandal has gone far enough. Bloodhound, Saluki, dachshund—and now my old friend Sourmug!"

"But I can prove it," Bill declared. He cupped his hands. "Hey, Bill!" he shouted.

Little Bill came running. A big dog galloped, dripping, at his side.

"That's Boatswain," said McAlpin. "Nine months old, and look at him. Better dog than Shipmate at that age. International champion some day maybe. . . . Bill, let's see the old whip, will you?"

Scars deep and ragged marked the small tanned biceps.

"Barry did it—didn't you, old boy?" said little Bill. He threw his arms about old misfit's head.

"He broke my arm too," little Bill said proudly. "Boy! When old Barry gets a grip! Boy! Nobody in the world can make him let go till you're altogether rescued! Boy! He's the champion Newfoundland of the world!"

"You see?" said Bill McAlpin.

THE END

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Burlesques, Beasts, and BEER

A Take-off on Grand Hotel, Barrymore in a Viennese Comedy, an Animal Picture, and the Saga of Lager

(Reading time: 10 minutes 4 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ NOTHING EVER HAPPENS

CAST: Greta Garbo, Jeraldine Dvorak; Joan Crawford, Jane Gale; John Barrymore, Jack Bohn; Lionel Barrymore, Charles Judels; Wallace Beery, Curtis Karpe. Directed by Roy Mack. Produced by Warner Brothers.

BUT it did. And what happened is one of the most deliciously amusing pictures ever made—a gentle burlesque of the famous characters in Grand Hotel. Charles Judels plays Lionel Barrymore, and his imitation of Kringelein is nothing short of genius. Jack Bohn plays John Barrymore's Baron, repeating all of John's eccentricities of speech and manner to the last detail. No less notable is Curtis Karpe's Wally Beery and Jane Gale's Joan Crawford. Indeed, you may wonder if this is not Miss Crawford herself.

And Garbo! Gosh, what Jeraldine Dvorak has done with—and to—the famous Swede! Such gloom, such an accent—and such feet!

Even the chef in the kitchen, played by George Givot, does his stuff with superb humor. The story follows the main episodes of Grand Hotel, the sets are rich, and the introduction of the musical-comedy motif, with the lines in verse and the bell hops done by lively dancing girls, raises this short two-reel burlesque into the big-feature class. It is a miniature wow of 42nd Street.

Jeraldine Dvorak as Greta Garbo and Jack Bohn as John Barrymore in the amusing Nothing Ever Happens.

John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard in the delightful film version of the stage comedy Reunion in Vienna.

★★★+ REUNION IN VIENNA

CAST: Rudolf, John Barrymore; Elena, Diana Wynyard; Anton, Frank Morgan; Father Krug, Henry Travers; Frau Lucher, May Robson; Poffy, Eduardo Ciannelli; Ilse, Una Merkel; Kathie, Bodil Rosing; Musician, Bela Loblov; Musician, Morris Nussbaum; Countess von Stainz, Nella Walker; Count von Stainz, Herbert Evans. Directed by Sidney Franklin. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Austrian émigrés are flocking into Vienna, there to hold a reunion in the old Hotel Lucher, managed by the tempestuous May Robson. Diana Wynyard, formerly a sweetheart of the exiled Prince Rudolf (John Barrymore), now happily married to Frank Morgan, a famous psychoanalyst, refuses to attend. Frank thinks she still cherishes a repressed romance for the prince, which would be psychoanalyzed out of her should she meet him now in his changed condition, and urges her to go.

But the prince is just as nuts as ever, and his wild attempts to seduce Diana make hilarious fun, culminating in a gorgeous situation when he follows her home and argues it out with Frank. Frank leaves the two together while he goes out to arrange for the prince's getaway. "He's tricked me into his debt," says Rudolf, "put me on my honor. He knows that I have that. It runs in the Hapsburg blood—honor and epilepsy."

The production is rich, photography beautiful, and direction superb. In many ways Ernest Vajda has improved on the play. May Robson and Frank Morgan give delightful performances, and Henry Travers, as Frank's nosey old father, scores heavily in comedy. Barrymore is deliciously amusing, but Diana Wynyard is as cold and expressionless as a wax mask.

★★★ ZOO IN BUDAPEST

CAST: Eve, Loretta Young; Zani, Gene Raymond; Dr. Grunbaum, O. P. Heggie; Paul Vandor, Wally Albright; Heinie, Paul Fix; Garbosh, Murray Kinnell; Katrina, Ruth Warren; Karl, Roy Stewart; Elsie, Frances Rich; Mr. Vandor, Niles Welch; Miss Murst, Lucille Ward; Toski, Russ Powell; Rosita, Dorothy Libaire. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Produced by Fox.

Gene Raymond was born and brought up in the zoo. His love for animals prompts him in resentment to steal furs from the fashionable women spectators. O. P. Heg-

Animal pictures are still going strong. This one is Zoo in Budapest with Loretta Young and Gene Raymond.

gie, head of the zoo, is at his wit's end wondering what to do with the boy, but after his last theft he decides to turn him over to the police.

Gene has fallen in love with Loretta Young, an orphan who comes with her gang every Wednesday. Gene helps Loretta escape at closing time, and they hide in some rushes. At the same time a child sneaks away from his nurse and hides out. They are missed, the alarm given, and a search is made for all three. The child in confusion opens the wrong door and lets a lion loose. Instantly the elephants go haywire and wreck the works.

An awful mess during which Gene is lowered into the arena and rescues the child. His parents in gratitude arrange for Loretta's freedom and give Gene a job handling their private zoo. Marriage.

A beautiful production, the first half of which is a mere travelogue magnificently photographed. The story develops slowly, but the big punch is by far the best directed animal brawl of the screen. With the exception of Loretta Young, who appears utterly spiritless, the cast is exceptionally fine.

★★ SONG OF THE EAGLE

CAST: "Nails" Anderson, Charles Bickford; Bill Hoffman, Richard Arlen; Elsa Kranzmeyer, Mary Brian; Otto Hoffman, Jean Hersholt; Emme Hoffman, Louise Dresser; Mud, Andy Devine; Gus, George E. Stone; Charlie, Gene Morgan; Emil Kranzmeyer, Bert Sprotte; August, George Meeker; Gretchen, Julie Haydon; Nolly, Harry Walker; Slats, James Bradbury, Jr. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Produced by Paramount.

This is an alcoholic Cavalcade, the saga of beer during the past twenty years. Jean Hersholt is a brewer, proud of his Hoffman's Amber Beer. Charles Bickford is his prize driver. Comes the war and Jean's son enlists. President Wilson's prohibition proclamation. Jean, law-abiding, closes the brewery.

Messrs. Devine, Bickford, Morgan, Stone, Arlen, and Hersholt and one keg of beer in Song of the Eagle.

By ROB WAGNER

His son, Richard Arlen, returns from the war. No job. The jazz epoch. Bickford goes into the beer racket and attempts to get Jean's brewery. Fails. Comes repeal and the remaking of real beer. Bickford's bunch, again failing to get Jean's brewery, sets out to bomb and assassinate his customers. It's a real war. Richard Arlen decides to enlist his old buddies in the fight. Gangsters and ex-soldiers meet in an exciting and gory battle. The soldiers win, of course.

It's a good, lively picture, well directed, and made notable by the fine performance of Hersholt, Bickford, Arlen, George Stone, Mary Brian, and Louise Dresser.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar.

★★★—The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust.

OFF THE SCREEN—

By HARRIET PARSONS

LIBERTY has asked me to push my way through the crowd of journalistic Peeping Toms and glue my eye to the Hollywood keyhole. I have always believed that a really smart columnist, like a smart press agent, should be able to create news when none comes to birth of its own accord. Therefore I shall endeavor conscientiously to bring about as much murder, arson, divorce, marriage, and general hoop-de-doo as possible each week. I shall set as my ultimate goal the day I can announce that I have succeeded in getting Greta Garbo married—preferably to Jackie Cooper. Meanwhile:

Even Hollywood's prize gossips don't suspect the romance that has been quietly developing between Jean Harlow and Ray Hallor. Hallor—young, dark, and good-looking—is a brother-in-law of Director John Francis Dillon, is a crack bridge player, owns half of the town's swankiest rendezvous. Jean is building a new house in Bel Air that would make C. B. De Mille weep. Gold door knobs are just one feature of its Roman splendor.

Agent Phil Berg deposited $25,000 on account with interior decorator Bill Haines. Just an advance payment on the furniture for the new house he's giving Mrs. Berg (Leila Hyams). Wonder what will happen to the fabulous incomes of these Hollywood agents if the proposed call-bureau system of casting goes through.

The departure of Henri, Marquis de la Falaise, for the British East Indies to film tribal ceremonies is faintly reminiscent of the genial Hank's departure for Paris several years ago. At that time he was married to Gloria Swanson, who got him a job as Paris representative for Pathé. That separation wrote "Finis" to their marriage and involved Hank with another glamorous lady of the screen, Constance Bennett. Now Connie is financing an expedition. End of another chapter?

The PRIVATE LIFE OF Marie Dressler

The Turning Point—Allies of the Stars—Stealing One from Garbo—Marie Comes Back and Makes Herself at Home

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Frances Marion, the screen writer, who pulled the strings of destiny for Marie.

(Reading time: 30 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

WHEN the telephone rang that afternoon in Marie Dressler's New York flat, it changed the story of her life.

That peal rang in a new era, summoned to heights greater than she had ever dreamed, through a medium that did not exist when she first walked upon the stage.

She was fifty-five years old. Life's greatest chapter was just beginning.

Yet, when Marie answered it, it seemed a very small thing. Allan Dwan, one of Hollywood's best directors, wanted Marie to play a small part in a picture, with Olive Borden, which was to be made in Florida. Nothing to get excited about!

But for three devoted friends, Marie might have missed the path to glory. Perhaps, in the last analysis, friendship has always played the star part in Marie's history. I tell you in all sincerity that, as I have talked with one after another of them, my faith in friendship has been revived.

Perhaps Marie is right when she says, as she so often does, "Friendship is the crown of life."

To have a friend, you must be a friend. The "breaks" that Marie's friends won for her, the tireless efforts they put forth in her behalf, the way they changed the pattern of her existence from despair to triumph—all these were a sort of spiritual debt that had to be paid back to her. Nella Webb, Jimmy Forbes, and most of all Frances Marion. Right here, at the crucial moment of her existence, they wove her destiny.

Because at first Marie wasn't at all inclined to give up her trip to Europe just to make a motion picture. One picture. A bum part. When it was over she'd be right back where she was now. What was the good of it?

Nella Webb is a small dark pretty woman with a deep hearty laugh and quick decisive movements. Starting as a chorus girl with the old Lederer shows, where she first met Dressler, she had become internationally known as a diseuse, a forerunner of Ruth Draper and Cornelia Otis Skinner. But her real interest for years had been in astrology. While she had played in Europe and Australia, she had studied it under the masters. Over and over again she had foretold events in Marie's life.

And when she struck a blank time in the theater, it was Marie who persuaded her to give up the stage and turn to astrology as a profession. She sent all her friends to Nella to get their horoscopes read. She boosted her everywhere she went.

Now Nella was determined upon motion pictures for Marie.

No matter how many nights she sat up searching the great volumes in which are printed the records of the stars, no matter which way she turned to read their meaning, the same answer came. Not behind Marie Dressler lay her greatest triumphs. Not in her stage work had she reached the peak of her career. Far from being finished, she had only begun. Ahead, in some new medium, the stars foretold amazing success, worldwide influence, activity and happiness for Marie Dressler.

So, while Marie walked up and down the huge old-fashioned living room which they occupied together and grunted out her disapproval of this offer, Nella went to her charts and her books.

"It's all here, Marie," she said. "Motion pictures must be the thing for you. You've got to take whatever offers, for that way opportunity lies."

"Humph!" said Marie. "You've been singing that tune a long time. We made motion pictures last year, didn't we, and where did it get us?"

It was true enough. In 1926 Nella and Marie had gone to Europe to make a series of comedy-travelogues. The money was supplied by that press agent *de luxe*, Harry Reichenbach. The pictures had no director and no story. The idea was simply to photograph beautiful and historical places with Marie moving through, handing out a few laughs. The first one showed Marie at the Palace of Versailles, where she fell into the lake.

They were pretty terrible. At this moment they repose somewhere in the warehouses of the American customs. Marie was so disgusted with them that she wouldn't even pay the duty.

M-G-M photos

Garbo and Marie Dressler in Anna Christie, the picture Marie "stole."

"Yes, sir, we made motion pictures," she said, coming to peer over Nella's shoulder at the strange signs and figures. "I've made a lot of motion pictures. Once before I got up my own company—and I'm still paying back money to folks who invested in that. I don't want anything more to do with them!"

"We were premature," said Nella Webb. "Didn't I tell you you'd get a telephone call this very day about motion pictures? Didn't I make you come back from Atlantic City so you'd be here when the call came? I tell you, this is too plain to be wrong!"

Still Marie didn't want to do it.

The truth was that she was sore and hurt. In spite of the front that she presented to the public, the good cheer that never failed her friends, she was deeply wounded that she couldn't get a chance in New York.

She knew perfectly well that when she went into Jake Shubert's office and sat outside with a joke and a laugh, inside Jake Shubert was squirming with embarrassment and saying to his secretary: "I don't want to see her. I can't use her. She's through. I hate to tell her—just say I'm not here."

She knew that her two devoted friends, Helena Dayton and Louise Barrett, both brilliant and successful women in the theater, had written a play for her and taken it to every manager in New York, only to be told:

"The public doesn't want Dressler any more. She's too old. They've forgotten her. Most of them never heard of her. Audiences want youth. We wouldn't have Marie at any price."

And the stage—acting, the art of the theater—was the real soul of Marie's life. Her personal popularity, her devoted friends, her charity work—none of these could quite take the empty place left by her work. There was no place for her in her own world of the theater, and she wanted to get far away from it and devote her enormous energy to something else.

To stay and make a picture was only to prolong the agony.

"Nope," she said to Nella Webb, "I'm not going to do it! I'm going to Paris and start my hotel over there. I'm going to devote myself to that."

Nella argued, pled. Then she went for reënforcements. Maybe to this day Marie herself doesn't know how it happened that Jimmy Forbes, the brilliant playwright whose devotion to her has lasted a lifetime, came sauntering in that evening.

Immediately Marie started upon her plans for a hotel in Paris. If there was a deep undertone of sadness in this change that meant farewell to her country and her profession, no one would have dreamed it to look at her eager face.

But Jimmy and Nella, loving her, caught the break that came now and then in her voice.

"Nothing but American cooking," said Marie. "Think of all the Americans who'd love some real ham and eggs! And plenty of baths. And I'll kinda make things lively around there, so it'll seem like home. You can come and stay, Jimmy, and Nella can—and—"

The list was long. Jimmy listened.

Finally he said, "Who's going to stay at your hotel besides your friends, Mary?"

"Huh?" said Dressler.

"You know what'll happen, don't you?" said Jimmy Forbes, with his most reasonable air. "You'll be running the finest free boarding house in Europe. Oh, you'll be a fine hotel keeper, Mary! Every American girl, every down-and-out actor, every poor hungry art student, anybody you ever knew or heard of that's broke in Europe, will be eating off you. You'll never turn anybody away, and you'll never collect any bills, and you'll give most of them money to get back to America. It won't last six months—unless you've got the United States Mint back of you."

"The very idea!" sputtered Marie furiously.

"Well?" said Jimmy. "Be honest, Mary."

"Oh, all right," said Marie. "But you'll make yourself awfully unpopular some day, Jimmy, being always right!"

She made that one picture and sat down to wait. In spite of Nella's faith and devotion, in spite of the encouragement of the stars, Marie wasn't sure.

But out in California events were shaping. Unknown to Marie, destiny was moving toward undreamed ends. The goddess who pulled the strings was Frances Marion.

It is the opinion of many people who ought to know, among them Irving Thalberg, that Frances Marion is the greatest genius Hollywood has produced. There can be no question that, as far as screen writing goes, she distances her field.

From thirteen straight pictures which made and kept

At left, Marie Dressler's own bedroom in her Beverly Hills home —the home of her lifelong dreams.

Mary Pickford "America's Sweetheart" for many years, she went on to a list of phenomenal box-office smashes.

Sitting in her office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio one day in 1927, Frances received the following letter from Elisabeth Marbury, her close friend and Marie's:

> Anne Morgan and I have just lunched with Marie, who is back from making a picture in Florida. Marie is as usual gay, optimistic, and kind. But there is a sad, searching look in her eyes that we don't like. We are sure she isn't, though she'd never admit it, as comfortably fixed as she should be. But how can we expect her pocket to hold her money when her hand is always digging into it for everybody? Why shouldn't she stage a comeback in pictures?

FRANCES sat there while the life of the great studio hummed around her, while telephones rang and directors sent frantic messages, and looked back over a friendship of twenty years.

She saw a slim, shy, frightened little cub reporter on a San Francisco paper, whose first assignment was to interview the great musical-comedy star, Marie Dressler, who was playing there for a week. That girl's name was Frances Marion; but she was in her early teens then, it was her first job, she had taken it only because the fire of 1906 had wrecked her family's fortune.

Scared to death—even now Frances Marion is one of the shyest people in the world—the cub reporter went through the rain to get her interview.

Marie Dressler and Frances Marion met for the first time.

They didn't dream that from that meeting were to come such world successes as Min and Bill and Emma and Anna Christie. They couldn't imagine that together they would achieve popularity with millions. How could they? Motion pictures were almost unknown. Marie's visit to San Francisco was a mere incident in her trouping. Frances had never been heard of.

Yet all those things were born in that San Francisco hotel room.

"I thought she was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen," said Marie Dressler. "I wished then that I had a daughter like that. I still wish so."

"Her kindness was something you could never forget," said Frances. "You see, it was raining. I didn't have any coat. So when I left she insisted on lending me one. Well, I weighed about ninety-five pounds in those days and Marie was twice as big as she is now. I went out of there wrapped up in a tent and nearly broke my neck struggling up Market Street. But I was warm inside. It happened that I needed encouragement pretty badly that day. And I was warmed and encouraged inside by her generosity and her good cheer."

Still, they never expected to see each other again.

The living room in Marie's home. "This," she said, "is going to be a place where people can be comfortable."

Their paths crossed once more when Marie went to Hollywood to make Tillie's Punctured Romance. Frances was doing publicity, and it never occurred to her that Dressler, the great star, would remember the kid who had interviewed her. One day, crossing the lot, they bumped into each other.

"Hello, here's my beautiful reporter!" yelled Marie. "Come and help me make these people see reason. They've got to give Charlie Chaplin a real part—"

In time Frances Marion stormed New York. She wanted to write and Hollywood offered her nothing. I am always amused to remember that the only protection she took with her on that trip, for she had no money and no job, was a pocketful of references as a cook. I think I wrote her one myself, on my father's best stationery. "I'm a good cook," she said, "and I can always get a job cooking. I won't starve."

When she was about to present those references to keep her from exactly that, she landed with the old World Film Company. She was there when Marie Dressler came to make a Tillie picture, and Marie asked William A. Brady to let the little Californian work on her story. It wasn't a success, that picture, but it was to pay great dividends to those two amazing women, for it cemented their friendship.

One of the sequences was at Coney Island. A frantic director, searching everywhere for his star, found her in the Fun House with Frances Marion and what looked like a million kids. The kids were having more fun with Dressler than they were with the Fun House.

When the day's shooting was over, Marie and Frances drove home in a slightly ramshackle car furnished by the studio. It had been a grand and hilarious day. They were silent with that silence of perfect friendship. To Frances it seemed almost too good to be true. Her first months in New York had been pretty tough. She was working twenty hours a day even now. But she had a job, she had Marie, all was well.

Inside the house they found a telegram saying that Frances's older sister, a famous beauty and a great musician, the idol of the family, had died suddenly and tragically in San Francisco.

The world rocked beneath Frances's feet. She had loved her sister better than anything else in the world. She was worn out with the struggle she had been through in New York. The blow almost killed her.

"I think," she told me, "that I would have been finished if it hadn't been for Marie."

They took Frances to the hospital in a complete nervous and physical collapse.

And there Marie Dressler began months of struggle to bring the girl back from that borderland where she lay so quietly, so unprotestingly ready to slip over the divide.

Marie's dining room. Notice her beloved collections of glass, pewter, and silver.

Every single day Marie was there. Sometimes she just sat holding the girl's slim hand, smiling encouragement, pouring forth her own superabundant vitality. When Frances could not bear to have anyone else touch her, Marie nursed her. When she could not sleep, Marie sat in the dark room crooning gentle songs. Day after day she cooked things and lugged them to the hospital and fed them to Frances with her own hand. As Frances began to get a little better, Marie read to her, hour after hour, all day long, to keep her from thinking, and the magic vibration of that loving voice stilled the tormented spirit.

When she was well enough to be moved, Marie took her to her own home and kept her for months. She was broke herself, and worried. But Frances never knew of that until long afterward.

Frances Marion, the most influential woman inside the vast business organization of motion pictures, thought of these things and many others as she sat with that letter from Elisabeth Marbury in her hand.

"Why shouldn't Marie stage a comeback in pictures?"

Ten minutes later Frances Marion had summoned a swift secretary, locked her door, tied her hair back, and gone to work like a madwoman, rewriting the part of Ma Callahan in a story called The Callahans and the Murphys.

THREE days later she went to Irving Thalberg, presiding genius of the M-G-M studio and her own devoted friend.

"There's only one person in the world can play Ma Callahan," said Frances Marion. "I've written it especially for her. You've got to get Marie Dressler."

"Oh, I don't believe we could do that," said Irving. "It would cost too much. You can't get those big people away from the stage unless you give them big dough, and we can't afford it for this picture."

Marie's bluff had been almost too good!

"Maybe I can fix that," said Frances.

That night Marie's phone rang again. Marie was very busy making herself a new dress. I wish you could see Marie make a dress. She lays the material down on the floor, takes a huge pair of scissors, and cuts it out entirely without pattern or markings. Then she lies down on the floor on her stomach and sews it up, without fitting. That is the absolutely unvarnished truth. And it turns out a pretty fair-looking dress.

She took a few more stitches, swore at the telephone, and then answered it.

California was calling.

"Take the next train for Hollywood," said Frances Marion. "Never mind packing. Just hurry. And no back talk."

"You're getting pretty fresh," said Marie Dressler. "You need me. I'll be there—and God bless you!"

The next day Marie Dressler and Nella Webb left for Hollywood.

Came the night of the first preview of The Callahans and the Murphys.

In the back row of a big Hollywood theater sat Marie Dressler, Nella Webb,

At right, a guest room—and in Marie's home, guest rooms are seldom unoccupied!

Jimmy Forbes, and Frances Marion. The silver sheet began to flow.

The audience began to laugh. They roared, they screamed, they rolled in the aisles. Marie and Nella and Jimmy and Frances wept.

Never in Hollywood history had there been such a preview. In the lobby afterward the crowds spotted Marie. They almost mobbed her. Who was this new woman who could make them laugh like that? Old-timers in the New York theater could have told them, but Marie Dressler was new to this generation of picture fans. The four friends went home and sat up all night talking.

Nella Webb, the astrologer who read Marie's glorious comeback in the stars.

"The stars were right," said Nella Webb.

"I knew you'd do it, you old hotel keeper!" said Jimmy Forbes.

"Your future is all set," said Frances. "You'll be such a hit in this picture you'll never have another day off."

Marie broke down completely. "I'm a fool," she sobbed, "but I'm so happy!"

They went to bed assured of Marie's success.

But they had reckoned without the Irish. And it is never safe to do that. I'm one of 'em and I know. The Irish decided to resent The Callahans and the Murphys. Their race had been insulted.

They resented so long, loudly, and vociferously that the picture was withdrawn. Very few people ever saw it. Marie's great performance went on to the ash heap.

Oblivion swept over her. For two years—two long, difficult years—Marie sat in Hollywood, waiting. It hardly seems possible now, but it is true.

Four years ago, before Marie had reached her peak in pictures, Frances Marion visited Max Reinhardt at his home in Salzburg. The great German director, genius of the European theater, said: "Marie Dressler is the greatest artist in America. Here in Europe she would have the world at her feet. Strange that Americans do not appreciate her."

True it is that Marie has always been a tremendous success in Europe, though it has been mostly in a social way, for outside England she has not appeared professionally.

But they still tell one famous story of an impromptu performance by Marie Dressler that scored a sensational success with a European audience.

MARIE was visiting in Venice with her close friend, Lady Alice Colebrooke. Now, that season in Venice there was an American princess, or rather an American girl married to a prince of the ancient Italian nobility.

She was something of a social dictator, and among other things she had planned was a great charity ball, to be given at a famous restaurant. It was to be the peak of a brilliant social season.

The princess sent word to Marie Dressler, whom she had met, asking her to appear during the evening. And Marie, usually so ready to do anything for charity, refused.

"I don't like that woman," said Marie. "She's cruel; she's unkind; she hurts people. Just giving a charity ball won't make up for it and I want nothing to do with the affair."

The next afternoon Marie and the princess met face to face. And in the meantime her Highness had heard of Marie's remark.

They faced each other for a moment, and the princess said:

"I hear that you say I am cruel. How dare you make such a remark?"

Marie smiled a little sadly. "I'm sorry that you heard that," she said. "But I did say it and I think that it is true. You will probably think me a sentimental old woman, but kindness is to me the greatest thing in life—and I do not like cruel people."

"And for that you refuse to help for charity, to give your talent to help the poor people?" said the princess.

"I will come to your ball," said Marie Dressler slowly. "I will buy a table and I will be there. But I will not perform—unless the ball is a flop. If I see that it is not a success—well, I'll be there, your Highness."

She was there. The *pièce de résistance* of the evening's entertainment was the dancer Gilda Gray. That was the season of her famous shimmy dance. The great room was packed. Royalty of three countries was present. Titles galore filled the tables. Society had turned out in all its best. But for some reason, perhaps because it was new to them, society wasn't very favorably impressed with Gilda Gray's shimmy.

PEOPLE started to leave. And if they left they wouldn't buy champagne, from which the proceeds were to go to charity. Without a word, Marie Dressler got up and made her way to the orchestra.

"Play that shimmy music again, boys," said Dressler. "And put some pep into it. There's more of me than there is of Gilda."

Europe was certainly at Marie Dressler's feet that night. When she had finished her version of the shimmy, they howled for more—and Marie kept them there until she was ready to drop.

"I told you I'd be there if I was needed," she said to the princess.

"You have been very kind," said the princess.

"It's a nice thing to find in other folks sometimes, isn't it?" said Miss Dressler. "I bid you good night."

Today Marie's pictures play fifteen, sixteen weeks in the leading theaters of Berlin, Paris, London, Rome. Today she is the leading box-office attraction in American theaters. But for those two years after the disaster of the Irish, nobody, American *or* European, made a move.

Marie sat on her hilltop, in a small rented house, made friends, laughed and prayed. Quite literally. No one I have ever met believes more deeply in prayer than Marie Dressler.

She doesn't necessarily have to go into a church. She can pray anywhere—in her garden, on a studio set, in a crowded street. And she does.

She has one favorite prayer. "If you pray this and mean it," she told me once when I had gone to her with some of my own troubles, "it's all you'll ever need."

Softly she quoted that verse written many years ago by Louise Wheatley:

> "Teach me to love not those who first love me,
> But all the world, with that rare purity,
> With that true ecstasy of broad outreaching thought
> Which bears no earthly taint
> But holds in its embrace—humanity.
> Teach me to love."

"You see," said Marie, "we shan't be judged by what we say, nor even by what we believe. We shall be judged by the record our fellow man has kept of us in his heart. There may be no great book in heaven where is written down each of our acts. But the sum of what we are, what we have done and been, is all written down for Christ to see in the thoughts others have of us. If they love us, I guess He'll take us in all right. That's all the prayer you need—'Teach me to love.'"

It was Frances Marion, upon whom Marie had showered so much love over the years, who once more brought opportunity to Marie's door. And all Marie has ever needed is opportunity.

Frances took the script of Anna Christie to write because she saw Marie Dressler in the part of Marthy. And she sat up nights building up that part. Then she went to Irving Thalberg and suggested Marie. Irving laughed. The director laughed. Everybody laughed. But behind that Madonna-like face of Frances is the dogged determination of a boa constrictor. When they threw her out, she went right back again.

"It can't do any harm to give her a test," she insisted.

And finally, because she was Frances Marion, they shot the test. Marie got the part of Marthy, to Greta Garbo's Anna Christie.

It had long been a tradition in the theater that Dressler would steal any scene she was in.

When Jack Pearl went into her last stage show, most of his scenes were alone with Marie.

"They warned me," said Jack Pearl. "They told me she'd steal my dandruff if I had any. My friends told me I was a fool, because the best I could get would be just a straight man for Dressler, and I was supposed to be a comic myself. 'Why,' Jake Shubert told me, 'you watch her. She'll even pick flies off you when you're saying your lines.'

"So on the opening night, out of town in New Haven, I made up my mind that she *wouldn't* steal the scenes from me. I knew a trick or two myself. I'd be there! I dashed into our opening number, which was in a taxicab.

"I shouted. I never gave Marie a chance to finish a line. I ad-libbed and I muffed her cues. I did business while she was talking. I talked while she was doing her gags.

"But she stole the act just the same!

"WHEN we came off, she took one look at my face and started laughing. Then she took me off in a corner and gave me a good scolding for trying to steal her scene! Can you imagine? But we became such great friends—every matinée night we went up to her place and she made me pig knuckles and sauerkraut—and she was very good to me. We learned to work together so that we got the most for both of us out of our stuff. But I'll say this: I would hate to play a scene with her if she *didn't* like me. The audience would probably think she was doing a monologue."

In pictures she was true to the tradition. She stole Anna Christie from Greta Garbo, which was a feat of no mean proportions.

Each year the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, which is composed of all the people who work regularly in motion pictures and which formulates the laws which control the industry itself, gives a prize for the best acting done during the year.

That prize is awarded by popular vote among the members, and it means a great deal.

In 1931 Marie Dressler was given that medal for her performance as Min in Frances Marion's story Min and Bill.

The Academy dinner at which the award was made will never be forgotten by anyone who was there. As I sat watching the crowd in that brilliant, beautifully decorated room, a crowd composed of every great figure in the motion-picture field, I tried to figure out why it seemed different from the run of such functions.

When Norma Shearer rose and, in one of the sweetest, warmest speeches I have ever heard, presented the award to Marie Dressler, "the grandest old trouper of them all," I knew why it was different.

That gathering of stars, producers, directors, actors, cameramen, technicians, authors was inspired by pure admiration, by the deep respect of artists for a great artist, by unselfish delight in the victory of a great woman, by their real love for Marie Dressler.

IN my many years in Hollywood I have never seen anything like the reception given Marie Dressler when she got to her feet that night.

No one else in the business ever has or ever could stir our hearts as she did.

Motion pictures are a hard game, a heartbreaking game. Competition is terrific. Intrigue and jealousy are ever-present.

Rivalry is in proportion to the greatness of the rewards. In the endless battle for success, to gain it, to keep it, to regain it, there are many throats cut and many hearts trampled. Believe me.

Yet that night Marie Dressler won such applause as I have never heard equaled, from her own people, and without one dissenting word.

She won the Academy Medal—the highest honor for ability in the power of the industry to bestow—and it was laid at her feet with love and with admiration which no other star has ever achieved.

The polls of trade magazines and exhibitors everywhere show her to be the outstanding box-office leader.

Her fan mail, the crowds who follow her, the invitations from the greatest people in the land, attest her popularity with people—her popularity as a woman, not just as an actress.

The little girl who at thirteen started out to earn a living for her mother, the little girl without friends, money, influence, or beauty, has come a long way.

Yet Marie is not flattered by her success. She is touched, deeply touched.

Besides, she isn't thinking much about her success. She is thinking of other things—her friends, her work, her charities.

"Yeast is *not* a medicine"

says the noted DR. MÜLLER *of Berlin*

"A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN," writes Mrs. E. C. Baugham of Richmond, Va., "left me with almost constant indigestion. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and began to pick right up. No more headaches or indigestion. My doctor said, 'Keep it up!'"

"IT IS a *food* . . . with a truly amazing effect on the system."

That—in the words of Prof. Dr. Franz Müller—is what fresh yeast *is!*

Dr. Müller is an expert on pharmacology of the University of Berlin. He says:—

"Laxative drugs are harsh—weakening.

"Fresh yeast *strengthens* the intestines. It improves digestion . . . has been used for centuries in curing pimples and boils.

"It is also very rich in vitamins of extraordinary health benefit."

Anyone who suffers from a poor appetite, bad digestion, bad breath, or is just "run-down," should try eating fresh yeast by all means.

Fleischmann's Yeast stimulates the intestines. It also softens the wastes, making them easy to get rid of. Your food "digests" better. Headaches, skin troubles and other minor ills occur far less often as a result.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes every day. Directions are on the label.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
IT IS HEALTHFUL

IMPORTANT!—Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise.

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When she was so desperately ill a couple of years ago, her great friend, Mrs. Robert Morris Phillips of New York, hastened to California to be with her. We were all concerned about Marie.

All of us, except Marie, were afraid. So when she said she wanted Hallie Phillips, Frances sent for her at once.

"I want Hallie," said Marie, "because I just have to make Hallie laugh. She's a grand person, sorta dignified, and I just love to see her dignity fall flat on its face. Yes, I have to make Hallie laugh! She expects it. And if I have to make somebody laugh I'll get well."

Her friendship with Hallie Phillips began with a laugh.

It was during the war days. Some society women were running a secondhand clothes shop for charity. Gowns had been donated by all the Social Register. Marie Dressler and Mrs. Phillips were among those who came to help sell them.

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

●	I	E	M	U	S	A	N	E	T
N	H	Y	O	S	N	T	R	A	O
T	S	I	P	I	W	C	G	H	W
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E	S	O	R	S	N	H	O	M	S
C	O	P	N	T	G	W	R	S	V
H	G	A	S	U	R	I	A	N	I
E	M	W	A	I	E	G	I	S	I
R	E	T	T	H	E	N	I	E	N
R	E	E	T	S	I	B	L	K	★

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once.

Start at the ●

Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

A tall, rawboned Irishwoman, probably a chambermaid, approached a rack where Marie and Mrs. Phillips stood. Upon that rack hung one particularly elaborate gown of blue sequins, direct from Paris. Mrs. Phillips stepped forward as the Irishwoman stopped to examine it.

"Isn't that a lovely thing?" said Mrs. Phillips. "I don't mind telling you that that dress is one which belonged to Mrs. So-and-So." (She mentioned the name of a very prominent and wealthy society leader.) "She sent it to us herself after she'd worn it only once."

The Irishwoman turned the dress over, gave Mrs. Phillips one look, and said, "Well, she sweats the same as another, it seems, and I wouldn't be wantin' it."

At that Marie Dressler pulled over the entire rack and she and Hallie Phillips disappeared beneath it.

"We emerged friends," said Mrs. Phillips, with that exquisite charm of hers, "and we have been friends ever since. Things just happen to Marie and me. Without any preparation that we can remember we find ourselves on the boat for Europe—or I'm in California. But wherever we are we always seem to laugh until actually we are thrown out of dignified restaurants and asked to be very quiet in very respectable hotels."

WHEN Mrs. Phillips arrived in California she was worried to death. She knew it wasn't anything to laugh at. But Marie was laughing just the same. The same magnificent optimism, the same divine power to laugh, the same glorious humor that had carried her through life, carried her through that illness.

Today she plans for the future like a young girl. Fifty or sixty years from now Marie has things she expects to be doing.

All her life Marie had wanted a home.

She has it now, a stately Georgian mansion in Beverly Hills. She calls it Loafhaven, but her friends call it Loafheaven.

When she bought this house, some of Marie's friends started to tell her how she should furnish it. Marie only chuckled.

"I've sat in too many uncomfortable chairs in too many white drawing-rooms in Hollywood," she said. "This is going to be a place where people can be comfortable and sit around in their carpet slippers if they want to."

Interior decorators may not think much of Marie Dressler's home. But to me it is a symbol of the woman herself.

It is HOME. There isn't a chair or a couch you don't sink into.

The rugs are Oriental—at least some of them are, because part of them are hooked rugs. If you don't like an early American chair you can sit in a Spanish one, and if you don't look right in a French mirror you can see yourself in a plain walnut one.

She has treasured everything that anyone has ever given her. Just because it doesn't fit in with the scheme of things or because some decorator tells her it's wrong, she won't allow it to be relegated to the attic, as most of us do. The large hand-painted lamp with the pink shade may give you a start. But a dear old lady made the lamp shade for Marie, and Marie sits under its glowing light comforted by the love that inspired the gift. Marie loves home for its comforts and associations for herself and for her friends.

THERE are flowers everywhere, lots of plants, birds singing, a funny mongrel pup curled on the best footstool, dozens of little favors from different parties, framed photographs of dozens of her friends, music filling the air always.

Mamie—dear Mamie, who has been with Marie, rich and poor, salary or no salary, good times and bad, for twenty years—will bring coffee on a Chinese tray in Dresden china cups and set it down on an Italian carved table. But it will be the best coffee you ever drank. (Marie probably will look pathetic and try to sneak a cup. But Mamie will give her one look and say, 'Miss Mary, you know you can't have no coffee at night.' Marie will beg, but she won't get the coffee.)

That is where I would like to leave this life story of Marie Dressler.

Not at a magnificent first night where it takes a cordon of policemen to rescue Marie Dressler from the admiring crowds. Not at some stately dinner at the home of the Van Rensselaers in Santa Barbara. Not at the Olympic Ball given by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, where Marie Dressler stole the titled dignitaries from all the young beauties of the screen. Not even in a packed theater, where audiences laugh and weep under the sway of her art, nor at the radio where she speaks to millions to aid the unemployed.

No. Let's leave Marie Dressler in the home that is so much more a real home than any other I know, with Mamie hovering devotedly in the background, with Frances Marion curled up on a big comfortable sofa, with many friends coming and going, and with Marie, her bit of sewing always in her hands, her grand old face illumined by its deep rich smile, with Marie looking up and forward—forward to the many splendid things that are ahead.

THE END

COVER TITLE

PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL 15

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Helen Ford, Everett, Mass.

"Go 'pinch' yerself—yer a robber!"

$25 SECOND PRIZE

J. H. Ranson, Houston, Texas

"Commentaries on the law."

$15 THIRD PRIZE

Arthur A. Amsler, Oil City, Pa.

"The Diamond Robbery."

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

J. S. Cleland, Champaign, Ill.

"It's an Out Rage!"

TEN $5 PRIZES

O. F. Beck, Philadelphia, Pa.; N. E. Bishop, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. H. P. Brown, Houston, Texas; M. E. Couch, Louisville, Ky.; Joseph Early, Sacramento, Calif.; Morton Goldner, Montreal, Que.; Mrs. Henry Herreid, Deer River, Minn.; M. J. McCusker, Taunton, Mass.; G. W. Otto, Racine, Wis.; Robert C. Spink, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Mrs. F. W. Allen, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Jenny Anderson, Alta, Iowa; Bessie Belle Avery, Elkhart, Ind.; Joseph Biederman, Los Angeles, Calif.; Frank Boyle, Astoria, N. Y.; F. G. Bowles, Knoxville, Tenn.; William F. Clarkson, East Haven, Conn.; Josephine A. Clark, Alta, Iowa; Mrs. R. L. Deibner, San Antonio, Texas; Robert L. Dougherty, Redlands, Calif.; R. J. Elwood, Alhambra, Calif.; Roger B. Field, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; John M. Fitzgerald, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Kirby U. Fleck, Camden, N. J.; G. M. Gear, Weslaco, Texas; G. A. Gelke, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

Louis Hageman, Los Angeles, Calif.; Thomas Hogue, Painted Post, N. Y.; Vivian Jolin, Huron, S. D.; W. F. Lacaff, Kansas City, Mo.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Kate B. Massey, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. John Mabry, Trinidad, Colo.; Mrs. Gladys S. Matthews, Austin, Texas; Mrs. J. E. McCammon, Fayette, Mo.; Earl E. McGrury, Quincy, Ill.; Mrs. Charles C. Meredith, Camden, N. J.; W. Mitchell, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. H. D. Moore, Los Angeles, Calif.; George Mueller, Milwaukee, Wis.; Charles C. Nims, Chicago, Ill.; Crockett Owen, St. Petersburg, Fla.

A. E. Power, Detroit, Mich.; Nina S. Preston, Charleston, W. Va.; Ruth Riedel, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Zack Rising, Texarkana, Texas; Ernest Sandstrom, Gladstone, Mich.; Herbert H. Sanders, Tiptonville, Tenn.; Mrs. Clara Schnetzer, Dunton, N. Y.; Hulda Seyfert, Circleville, Ohio; D. M. Stewart, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. A. Sumell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Raymond L. Taylor, Eaton, Tenn.; Charles J. Tessar, Chicago, Ill.; Raymond D. Trautman, Reading, Pa.; P. J. Trettel, California, Pa.; Mrs. O. K. Umstead, Long Beach, Calif.; J. N. Wanbon, Vero Beach, Fla.; L. Will, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. E. Wilson, Atlanta, Ga.

INVENT A LAUGHABLE ALIBI!

WIN YOUR SHARE OF THE $250 CASH PRIZE FUND

BY COMPLETING THIS EXCUSE

"YES, pal, I'll admit that when you loaned me five dollars a year ago I promised to give it back in a week, but . . ."

But what? That's up to you. That's where your chance to win some of this week's prize money comes in.

Finish up this excuse, using not more than twenty-five additional words. If you are among the sixty-four entrants who submit the winning excuses you will receive Liberty's check for your share of the $250 cash without delay. The rules are simple and brief. Read them and then prepare your excuse and send it in as directed. You may be the winner of the $50 first prize. Or your entry may bring you one of the other major awards. Every one of the cash prizes is well worth winning and will more than repay you for the few minutes required to enter.

Of course your completed excuse will contain the elements of a good laugh. That's the idea in back of the contest. For once let's mention money with a smile! There's been too much gloom lately in connection with financial discussions! Here's an opportunity to have a laugh about money and have it earn you a dividend at the same time. Surely you won't neglect a chance like this!

PHONY EXCUSE CASH PRIZES

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

Be sure that you include with your excuse the brief statement of preference required by the rules.

And please write plainly or print your name and full address so that there will be no confusion in forwarding your check in the event that you are among the winners.

PHONY EXCUSE CONTEST RULES

Anyone anywhere may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. Complete the Phony Excuse, begun above, using not more than twenty-five words of your own. The printed words need not be included in this count.

Write a brief statement to accompany your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The completed Phony Excuse which in the opinion of the judges is the most laughably entertaining and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best.

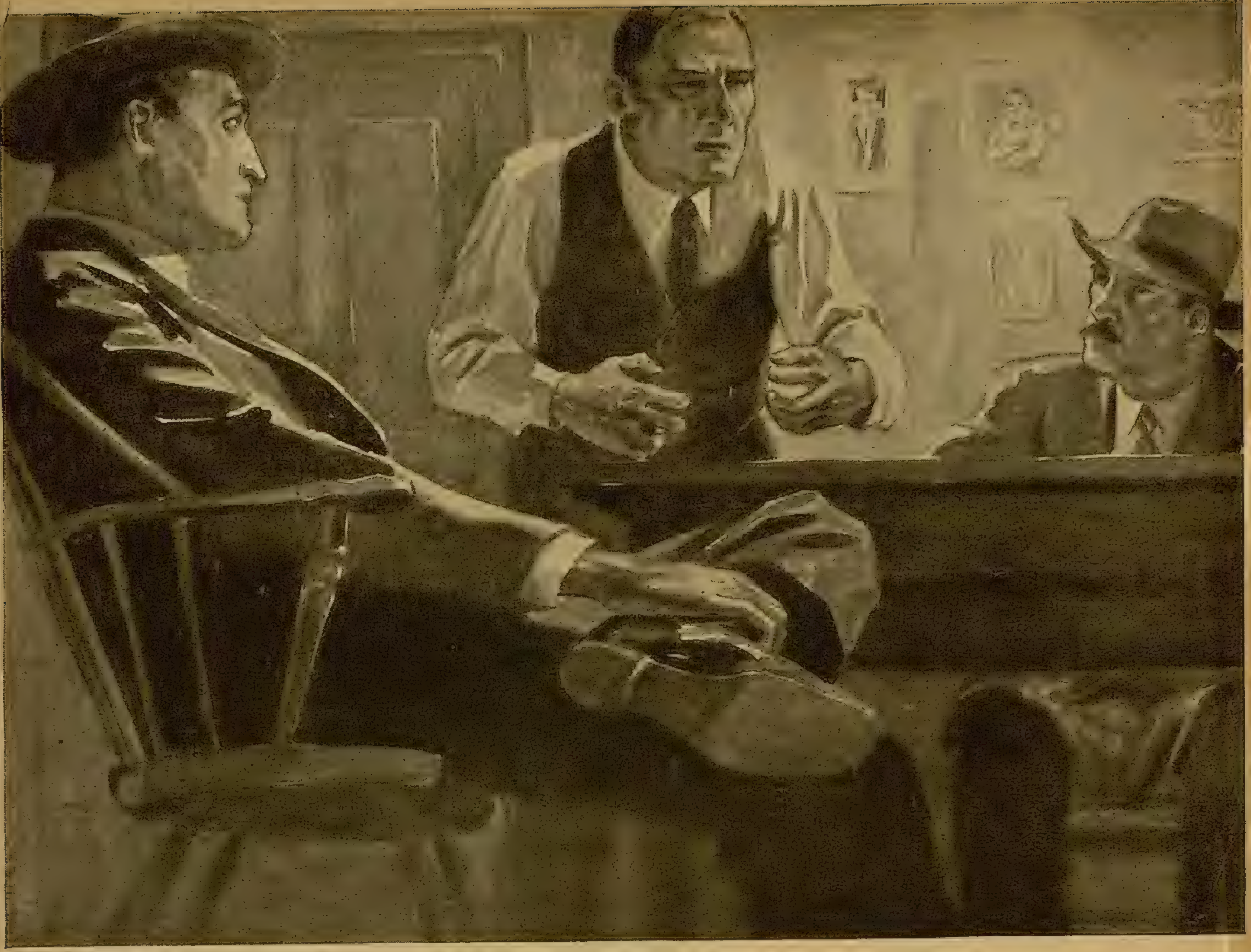
In order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry. The Contest Board of Liberty will act as judges and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Phony Excuse Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, June 12.

ANOTHER $250 CONTEST NEXT WEEK



"No-o," agreed Mr. Bragan softly. "But he could shoot Eddie in self-defense."

A Chapter of New Excitements in a Gripping Novel of a Girl's Mistake

(Reading time: 24 minutes 35 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Judith and Eddie Grainger's fight against the gossips of a small Southern town. Judith, employed in the Karnak State Bank, marries Bill Vernon and goes away, only to find later that he is a bigamist. Vernon is sent to prison and Judith returns to Karnak, where Kurt Weigand, head of the bank, reëmploys her. Eddie Grainger, the town ne'er-do-well, and Judith's school-day sweetheart, offers to marry her when the village gossips, led by Lisbeth Morrow, try to drive her from the town, and she accepts. Kurt Weigand dies suddenly and leaves the bank to Judith. She calls in Peter Avery, a banking expert, who teaches Eddie the business, and Judith makes him president of the bank, which virtually controls the county. The rough element of Karnak, led by Lefty Bragan and Sheriff Kolker, stage a run on the bank which is unsuccessful. Eddie is warned that they will try to harm him further.

PART SEVEN—"KILL GRAINGER"

A VISITOR was waiting in Eddie's private office when he reached the bank. Brother Tidball's deeply lined face was very grave, his manner even more gentle than usual. "Good morning, my son."

"Good morning, Brother Tidball."

"I hope I'm not intruding and I'd like to talk with you."

"Certainly." Eddie seated himself.

Brother Tidball cleared his throat, moved his hands nervously, and then:

"First, my son, I would suggest that we pray."

Brother Tidball prayed. He prayed at considerable length and with many quotations from the Scriptures, some few of which were accurate.

Then, blissfully unmindful of the fact that this was not customary banking procedure, he mentioned the object of his visit.

"My son," he announced, "the way of the transgressor is always hard, but you are making it harder. I seek you this morning to dissuade you from the course you are pursuing. God hath decreed that when a man smite you, you should turn the other cheek."

"Yes, sir."

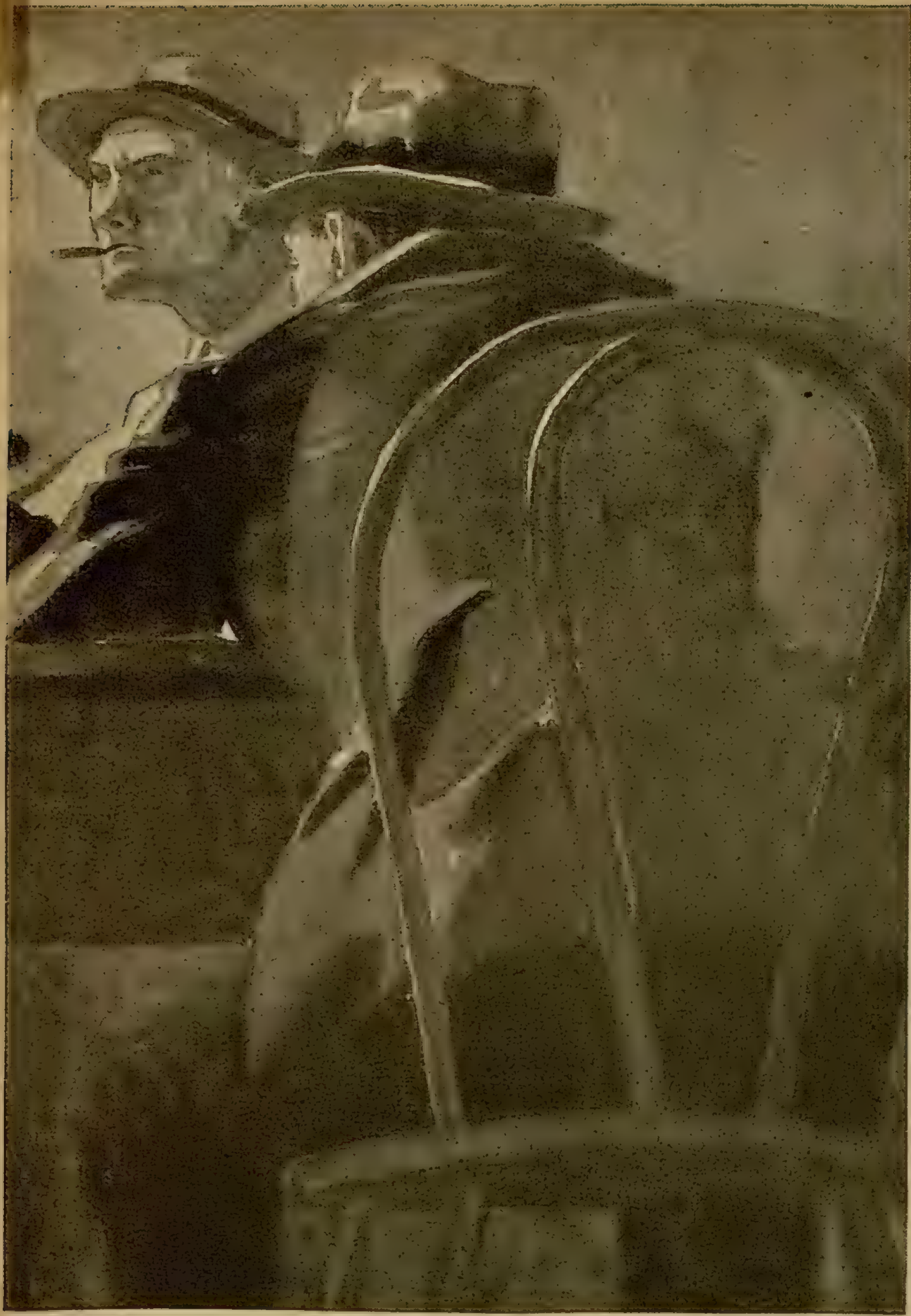
"Life has been bountiful to you, my son. Material riches have fallen in your lap. Yet you harbor the vicious viper of vengeance." Brother Tidball paused, secretly pleased with this alliteration. So pleased that he repeated it: "The vicious viper of vengeance dwells within your bosom, and from it you may meet destruction. You walk in the ways of the unrighteous, my son. The course you have elected will lead to misery, not to happiness." The old man leaned forward earnestly. "The path of duty leads to strange places, Eddie Grainger. Recently I have been hearing rumors and gossip. You must not continue to do as you are doing."

Scarlet Woman

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrations by Stockton Mulford



"You got brains, Lefty," said Kolker.

"I am only insisting on an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Brother Tidball sighed unhappily. "Perhaps," he suggested, "we might again pray. Perhaps in prayer a great enlightenment will come to you. Perhaps you will lose some of the bitterness which gnaws at you, and will be more kindly in contacts with your fellow man."

Eddie patiently allowed him to pray again, at even greater length than before. But when the venerable figure with the stooped shoulders passed through the door of the private office, Eddie turned to the telephone and called Bainbridge Crosby, the bank's attorney.

"Gantt Kolker failed to take up his note on the Grassville Farm," he said crisply. "Better proceed immediately with the foreclosure."

ON Sunday Karnak devotes itself with commendable enthusiasm to asking forgiveness for the sins it has committed, is committing at present, and will commit in the immediate future. Except for two drug stores and the filling stations, business is at a standstill, and the populace gathers at the various churches to pray, to consider real and fancied iniquities, to request divine guidance, and to observe who is accompanying whom.

After church the town settles itself to gala dinners, and the afternoon is spent in social calls, more or less sociable gossip, drives into the country, and an occasional game of contract—furtively indulged in behind drawn shades. The suppers are extremely light and the town retires early, exhausted by its orgy of righteousness.

But on this particular Sunday a group of five unsanctified gentlemen gathered behind the curtained doors of Lefty Bragan's poolroom and discussed with some heat and considerable venom the situation in which they found themselves. Present were Lefty, Sheriff Gantt Kolker, Ezra Gaines, and the two Parker boys, Lying Bill and Turkey Bill. Eddie Grainger was the subject of their conversation and vituperation their mode of expression.

They seemed to take a keen delight in vying with one another verbally. They talked graphically and rather obscenely about Eddie and Judith; they made loud noises which men of tiny mental stature usually make. They admitted that their condition was desperate and that it was certain to become more desperate.

Only one other person was present: this being a squat, chunky little Negro who answered to the name of Pallid. During the week Pallid was a disregarded man of all work around Bragan's poolroom. His presence was no more noticed than that of the clock on the wall. Lefty had gone through the formality of mentioning to Pallid that if he so much as opened his mouth about this particular meeting he'd suffer the breaking of every bone in his asterisked body; in response to which threat Pallid had grinned broadly and declared that he wouldn't git Mistuh Bragan mad at him fo' nothin'—nor neither She'iff Kolker. "Havin' you peeved at me, Cap'n Bragan, ain't the fondest thing I is of!"

Mr. Gaines, being considerably worried about his own financial condition—and because of his own physical cowardice being a most militant conversationalist—suggested that perhaps their problem might best be solved by tarring and feathering Eddie and riding him out of town on a rail. True, Ezra wasn't quite clear about the technicalities of this particular procedure, but the words intrigued him. Mr. Bragan negatived the suggestion with the explosive use of the modern term "Boloney!" And Mr. Gaines, seeing that Gantt Kolker agreed with Lefty, withdrew from the conversation, contenting himself with the apologetic comment that Eddie deserved that and worse.

Lying Bill Parker held the floor briefly. Once during the past summer he and his unrighteous cousin had peeped through the board fence surrounding the Grainger cottage and had been thrilled by the sight of Eddie and Judith, in bathing suits, turning the garden hose on each other. Lying Bill had decided immediately and unanimously that Judith had a seductive figure—“very passionate” he called it--and had promptly appointed himself to the job of official Peeping Tom—equipping himself with a pair of field glasses which had cost him, postal charges paid, four dollars and ninety-eight cents.

Spying from the roof of his cotton gin just across Cypress Avenue from the side of the Grainger home, he had been bitterly disappointed. But his magnificent disregard of the truth had stood him in great stead, and from his lips had come exciting stories of marital debauchery, some of which he now remembered, elaborated upon, and related with a wealth of detail. Until Lefty Bragan ordered him to shut his dirty mouth.

Sheriff Kolker, engaged in annihilating a helpless toothpick, now injected his word into the conversation.

“We can't wreck the bank,” he said. “They tell me it's stronger than it ever was. But also it ain't tolerable that the bank should wreck us. If any of us was to get violent with Eddie Grainger there'd be trouble—because even damn' fools like Quincy Morrow, who are bein' squeezed tighter'n we are, are too high-class to side with us. We'd find ourselves in real hot water, was anything to happen to Eddie.”

“But we've got to do something,” whined Ezra Gaines.

“We certainly have!” agreed Kolker. “And that's why we're here. Lefty sort of hinted maybe he had a thought.”

Mr. Bragan hunched his broad powerful shoulders and leaned forward.

“I've got an idea,” he said sharply. Then his eyes moved slowly from Ezra Gaines to Lying Bill and from Lying Bill to Turkey Bill. “I'm mentioning it in front of you fellers because if it works we'll need your help as witnesses. But if you talk outside—just one word—I'll break each of you in half with my bare hands. Get me?”

They announced that they got him. Kolker clasped broad hands across his growing paunch and requested further details.

“We can't put Eddie Grainger out of the way,” said Bragan quietly, “but we can cause it to be done.”

“How?”

The thinnest of smiles crossed Lefty's lips. “Bill Vernon!” he said.

For a moment the idea did not penetrate. Then the faces of the other men lighted and they nodded eager approval.

“Judith Morgan, when she was Judith Morgan, fell for that guy. She run off and married him. Then it turned out that he was a bigamist

Desperately she tried again to step around him, and again he blocked her path.

and he got three years in the pen. He's there now. But he don't have to stay there."

"Go ahead, Lefty," suggested Kolker. "I'm pow'ful interested."

"You've got influence with the governor, haven't you, she'iff?"

"Lots."

"You could get Vernon paroled?"

"I reckon I could."

"Then how about this: Get him paroled and bring him back to Karnak—provided he knows first what he's supposed to do."

"Which is?"

"Kill Grainger!"

Mr. Gaines shrunk perceptibly. He listened to the others, and marveled at the calm, cool manner in which Lefty and Kolker discussed the possible death of another man. As a matter of fact he admired them hugely for their lack of squeamishness, and he was heartily in favor of their plan, but—well, Mr. Gaines was a timid soul.

"Vernon had this town fooled," Lefty was saying—"all except me. He's nice and quiet and educated; he's handsome; and he knows all the parlor tricks. Folks here was goofy about him. They figured it out that Judith was plumb lucky to hook him. Well, I knew better. This Vernon is poison. And I mean poison. He never told me all about himself, but he told me some and I could guess the rest. That's one thing that impressed me: he never boasted; never made a lot of talk about how bad he was. But you can take my word that he's a plenty dangerous hombre."

"I think you're right, Lefty."

"'THINK'! I know I'm right. I've also got another hunch—which is that Vernon is scared of this rap he's taking. Not that he minds three years so much, but I suspect he might be wanted in other states, and there's always a chance there might be a check-up—that they might hang one of his old crimes on him while he's in the pen. Of course I ain't sure, but there's a chance. And if I'm right, Bill Vernon would agree to a lot for the sake of being paroled. Especially if he knew he wasn't in no danger from the sheriff."

"Sounds reasonable." Gantt Kolker was nodding. "Keep goin', Lefty. But you ought to know you ain't goin' to get nobody—even a feller like Bill Vernon—to come down here and murder somebody."

"No-o," agreed Mr. Bragan softly. "But he could shoot Eddie in self-defense."

"You got brains, Lefty," said Kolker.

"It would work this way," continued Bragan. "Eddie Grainger ain't so big and he ain't a guy that's always looking for trouble, but he's got guts. And he's crazy about his wife."

"I'll say he is," broke in Lying Bill. "I remember once I seen 'em—"

"Cut it! The point is this: Judith was crazy about Vernon when she run off with him. Maybe she still is, for all we know. Well, suppose he was to come back here pretending that he was still nuts about Judith and couldn't live without her? Suppose he was to hang around town and try to meet her? Well. Two things could happen: either she'd get sore and wouldn't talk to him, which would get Eddie crazy when he kept on pestering her—or else she'd fall for him again, and then things really would be checked up to Eddie."

The Parkers and Mr. Gaines were just a trifle apprehensive. "We don't have to do anything, do we, Lefty?" inquired Gaines.

"Not a thing—except to be witnesses when Vernon gets tried for killing Grainger. The sheriff here

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can be a witness, too. It'll be self-defense." He winked.

"How?"

"Because Eddie is Willis Grainger's son, and Willis wasn't afraid of anything that ever walked or crawled. He's all filled up with a sense of honor. He'll probably go slow—he'll take a lot. But there are some things that no man will take. And whenever he goes after Vernon, that baby will be ready. And if that ain't technical self-defense, then nothing is."

"If it works," inquired Ezra, "what then?"

"We'll give Vernon a little money and arrange for him to disappear. And Judith will be runnin' the bank. She won't suspect anybody here had anything to do with it except Vernon, and the chances are she'll ease up. She's a woman, and they don't stick to their hates as long as men do. Figure it out for yourself."

The plan was indorsed. The eminent gentlemen were sworn to secrecy—a quite unnecessary formality—and finally only Sheriff Gantt Kolker and Lefty Bragan were left in the dismal confines of the poolroom.

They were of the same stamp: big men with great physical courage and no hampering sense of morality. They spoke the same language, and spoke it direct.

"Takin' a big chance, ain't you, Lefty?"

"How come?"

"If Vernon is bad enough medicine to do this thing, he'd be tough to handle afterwards, wouldn't he?"

"How, sheriff?"

"Well, let's put it this-away. If things was adjusted at the bank and times got better and Judith sort of eased up, you'd be sittin' tol'able pretty in a money way, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Lefty said with a grin.

"And you would have done all the arrangin' with Vernon."

"What about it?"

"Oh, nothin'. But suppose Vernon, bein' a pretty keen guy himself, was to get the idea that he could sort of make a livin' out of just keepin' his mouth shut about you? Suppose that, Lefty."

"I have supposed it," responded Mr. Bragan curtly. "But nothin' like that is gonna happen."

"You seem mighty confident."

"I am. And I'm tellin' you this, Gantt, because you'll be in as deep as I am." Lefty's eyes narrowed slightly. "What I'm suggesting is this: if Bill Vernon was to kill Eddie Grainger, and then if anything real fatal was to happen to Vernon, I don't reckon you, as sheriff of Karnak County, would ever suspect that I had anything to do with it, would you?"

Mr. Kolker blinked.

"You mean if, under those circumstances, Vernon should get killed, it would be very mysterious?"

"I'm suggesting it might work out that way."

Gantt Kolker was grinning broadly.

"I reckon you're right, Lefty. I don't guess I'd be terrible slick at solvin' that sort of a killin'."

JUDITH entered the big corner office and bowed with mock seriousness.

"Mr. President," she said deferentially.

Eddie pretended to scowl.

"What is it? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I hadn't observed, Mr. Grainger. What I came for was to ask permission to leave early."

"Impossible. I can't have my employees traipsing off at all hours."

"But this isn't all hours, Mr. President. It's just one hour."

"Well—what is the motive behind this request?"

She touched her lips with the forefinger of her right hand and assumed an attitude of deep thought.

"I was wondering," she murmured, "whether the august president of this institution would consider it excuse enough if I explained that I was planning to prepare a chocolate soufflé for his dinner."

Eddie's eyes lighted. "Chocolate soufflé? You're not trying to trick me?"

"Cross my heart."

"Hm-m! I fear your domestic instincts are interfering with your work."

"And you're delighted, aren't you, Mr. Eddie Grainger?"

"I like chocolate soufflé." He crossed to where she was standing and pinched her cheek. "You're in a fair way to spoil me, Dutch. Now—get out before you destroy my efficiency."

She laughed lightly, her big brown eyes sparkling. Then, with a quick impulsive gesture, she stood on tiptoe and brushed her lips against his. After which she turned and vanished.

IT was precisely three thirty when Judith left the bank that February afternoon. The sky was blue and the sun was making a valiant effort to dispel the winter chill.

She was wearing a rough cloth coat of black, its deep cape bordered with gray fox. At the first touch of the keen air she instinctively pulled the collar higher, thus creating a furry frame for her face. A tiny black hat, perched at an absurd angle, was completely inadequate to the task of keeping wavy tendrils of brown hair from blowing about her face—and after three or four futile efforts to tuck them into place she gave up and pulled her coat more tightly about her hips.

Judith was feeling happier than she had for weeks. The brief visit with Eddie had brought a sense of elation. She more than suspected that he might be on the verge of forgetting his exasperating idealism. And, too, it seemed to her that the general tension had lightened. Farmers were discussing unplanted crops rather than the disastrous season of 1931, and there was a general belief that this year there would not be too much cotton acreage and that prices would not remain at ruinous levels.

She hummed to herself as she reached the square and turned left. She noticed indifferently that there was a crowd in front of Tony Marino's, but she did not observe that this crowd was tense and expectant and that every eye focused on her the minute she turned the corner. It was not until she had passed the main entrance of the Bon Marché Store that the situation hammered home, rendering her numb and incapable of quick thinking.

The crowd melted away and only she and Bill Vernon were left in the world. He had stepped in her path and was bowing courteously—almost too courteously. Even in her instant of amazement—and of horrid fear—she noticed that he was handsome in spite of his new pallor.

"Good evening, Judith." His voice carried clearly to the bystanders. "You're looking prettier than ever."

The shock, the unexpectedness of this meeting, stunned her. She stood on the sidewalk helplessly facing this man and dreading the scene she knew was inevitable.

Bill Vernon had staged the meeting admirably. He had not even accorded her a moment of grace to prepare herself. An instant ago she had not remembered him. Now he was here—here in Karnak, bowing to her, talking to her, reviving a past which she had believed was dead.

Afterward Judith was to grope through a haze in the effort to remember what had happened during those first awful moments—but it was a picture destined never to be quite clear, a picture framed with curious faces and staring eyes.

“Aren't you even going to speak to me, Judith?”

She tried to push past him, but he blocked her path. His movements were graceful: carefully planned and prettily executed.

“Please let me alone, Bill.”

“Why, surely, Judith.” His voice was sad and reproachful. “But I thought you might be glad to see me—even though I am a paroled convict.”

The old charm was there, the urbane suavity. Desperately she tried again to step around him, and again he blocked her path. She was helpless. And she realized that any further effort to escape would only make her ridiculous. More spectators, eager and gaping, were swelling the crowd. She experienced a moment of terror in the thought that someone might tell Eddie and that he might appear.

“Please let me go, Bill.” The request was absurd, of course; but they were the only words that came to her mind. He bowed humbly.

“Shopping, aren't you, dear?”

“Yes.”

“I'll go with you.” A faint wistful smile crossed his lips. “It's mighty good to see you again, sweetheart. You're looking beautiful.”

He fell into step beside her, his manner graceful and easy. He was apologetic and humble. She despised him because she knew that he was deliberately talking loudly enough for everyone to hear. He was making it appear as though the bonds between them never had actually been severed, that only cruel mischance had separated them temporarily.

“I owe you deep apologies, Judith.”

“Not here, Bill—please!”

“Wherever you say, dear—and whenever.”

THE town was to seize upon that remark and quote it eagerly at a hundred dinner tables.

Nervously she gave her order to Tony Marino. She wanted to escape, to run away. But she couldn't.

She accepted an unwieldy package from Tony. Calmly Bill Vernon took it, insisting that it was too heavy for her. She tried to retrieve it, but he held on tightly—smiling. She knew she couldn't stand there in a public place and tussle with the man; she knew she was helpless. And so she left the store with Bill Vernon at her side, carrying her package. Once on the square again, she spoke tensely:

“Please leave me, Bill.”

“Why, surely,” he said. “I'll do whatever you say.”

“Leave me now.”

“In just a moment.”

“Can't you see what you're doing?”

He smiled boyishly. “These hicks! What do you care what they think?”

“But I do care. You're only causing trouble. Oh, Bill! Why did you come back here?”

“Because I wanted to straighten things out with you, Judith. Because I'm still very deeply in love with you.”

She wanted to cry out, but that was impossible. Two hundred persons were staring at them. Spectators poured from the stores lining the square; already the poison of gossip was spreading.

Judith saw that he had no intention of leaving her or of letting her escape from him. Here, in public, she was helpless. Innate decency—plus the fear of what Eddie might do—restrained her from demanding that he cease to molest her.

SHE walked swiftly toward home. And she spoke fiercely:

“You must leave town immediately, Bill.”

“Not until you have forgiven me for all the unhappiness I caused you. I've suffered, Judith—believe me, I have!”

“I forgive you!” She felt herself slipping across the threshold of hysteria, and prayed that she might keep her nerves under control until she escaped from the eyes which goggled from every doorway and street corner. “I'll forgive anything if you'll only leave Karnak right away.”

“Words,” he said sadly. “You're just saying words, Judith. You're trying to get rid of me.”

“Of course I am. I'm sorry you came here. I hoped I would never see you again.”

“You hate me?”

“Certainly I hate you!”

“I treated you badly, dear. But I'm sorry.”

“Is it money you want?”

His eyelids flickered briefly; then he smiled and shook his head.

“I want your esteem, Judith; that's all.”

“You've brought me enough unhappiness, Bill. Why start it all over again, just when the atmosphere was commencing to clear? Already the whole town is buzzing with comment.”

“Because your jailbird husband has returned?”

“You're not my husband—and you never were.”

“There were moments, Judith—”

“Please, Bill! I can't stand much more! I'm begging you, pleading with you, to get out of town. I'll give you any amount of money you want. I'll do anything you ask. Only don't destroy my happiness, Bill. Can't you do the decent thing once in your life?”

She had walked more rapidly than she knew, and now she stood at the gate of her home.

“You live here?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Cute place. But you ought to live uptown.”

“I prefer it here.”

“May I come in?”

“No.”

“Oh, surely, Judith!”

“Don't torture me any more, Bill. Tell me what you came here for. Let's settle it, so you can go.”

“You're not very complimentary, dear. You don't credit me with even the faintest streak of decency. You persist in thinking that there must have been some motive other than my affection for you—and my desire to make amends for a great wrong.”

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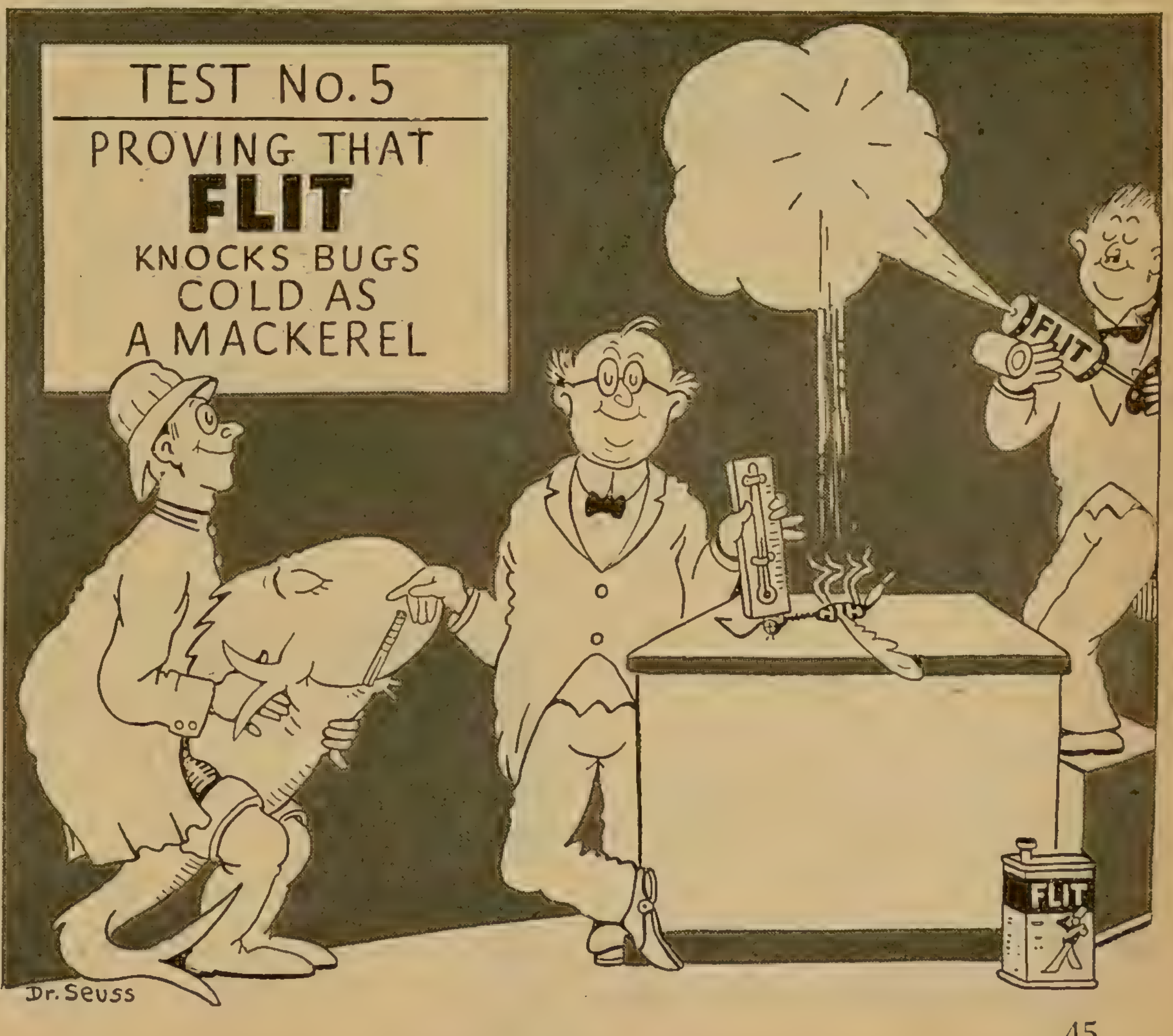

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"You're lying, Bill Vernon. Unfortunately, I know you. You're not capable of a decent thought or instinct.

"You came here to injure me. I'm only trying to talk your language—to meet you on your own grounds.

"If you'll name your price I'll pay it. Provided you get out of Karnak and stay out."

"I can't do that, dear. Not for a while, anyway."

"Why not?"

"If you won't believe what I say, what's the use of my saying it?"

She was beaten. Helpless. Bewildered. Her brain went dead. She realized that she was arguing against the inevitable, fighting something she could not understand.

"You know I'm married?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I'm happy. That is, I *was* happy until you appeared."

"You're fortunate, Judith, and I'm glad for your sake. You deserve happiness."

"Yet you have come here to destroy it."

"No; I won't interfere."

"But just staying in Karnak is interference. You've already done irreparable damage. I wish I thought there was some use trying to make you see—"

"I understand better than you do," he answered. "But I assure you that you have nothing to fear from me. Not a thing. Certainly you can't deny me the pleasure of remaining here in town where I can see you occasionally."

She was getting herself under control. Her keen brain was functioning again. And she knew the man who stood before her, lying with eyes and lips.

"You intend to stay," she said. "And so I won't waste breath arguing with you.

"But you have a price, Bill, and whenever you get ready to state that price I'll consider paying it."

"I suppose I've given you the right to insult me."

"You've given the world that right. And I'm asking you, Bill—or warning you—not to annoy me while you're here."

"I promise you I shan't."

"I don't believe you. But if you *do* try, then I shall take steps—"

"You have me in your power, Judith." He was very melancholy, very dramatic. "I'm a paroled convict, sentenced to the penitentiary for loving you. If that was a crime, I am still guilty of committing it."

Charming! It had been charming before she had learned what was beneath that veneer. She knew the man was acting now, and she was frightened. Bill Vernon did not act without purpose. She opened the gate.

"I'm through talking, Bill. And perhaps I'd better warn you that if you don't state your price very soon, there'll be no use stating it at all."

"You're very bitter, aren't you, Judith?"

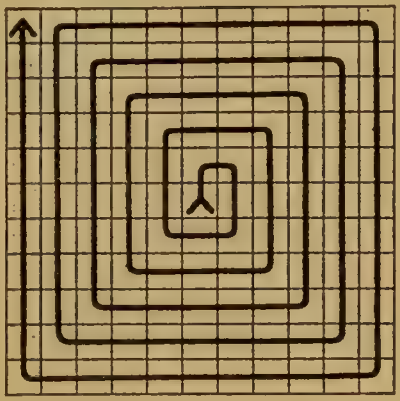
She met his eyes squarely.

"Yes, I'm bitter. But perhaps this will interest you: I'm not afraid of you, Bill."

And then she left him.

In next week's installment you will learn how Bill Vernon goes about executing Lefty Bragan's plan of killing Eddie Grainger.

YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER



Last Week's Problem

Drawing your pencil line as indicated above will give you this message:

During the World War the Imperial German government conducted a secret training school for spies in a large secluded house in Antwerp, Belgium.

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There's the Rub

ONE day Bob fell down a flight of steps and hurt himself badly.

"He won't cry," said his mother. "He's mother's little man."

Bob choked back his tears and replied: "Mother, if I'm too big to cry I ought to be too big to be hurt!"—Miss Cannie R. Quinn, 303 Board of Trade Annex, New Orleans, La.

Singing for Supper

GORDON was eating a bowl of soup and our small kitten stood on the floor at his feet meowing its head off. Finally Gordon could stand it no longer, and, picking up the kitten, he said:

"I'll lift you up here so you can see what I've got and maybe you'll stop your crying!"—Isabelle Talbot, 431 Vine Street, Woodstock, Ill.

TO THE LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 20 seconds.)

INA CLAIRE'S first love was an animal trainer. Her next was a prize-fight champ. They were both on the vaudeville stage, and so was she—having run away from home at the age of thirteen to embark upon a career of drama and sin.

She found drama all right, but couldn't find much sin.

"I was a precocious kid," she tells me. "I wanted to have *affairs*, and thought the stage would be just the place for them. My animal trainer was a great disappointment along that line. He turned out to be a nice home body, without a sin to his name. So did my prize-fight champ. It soon dawned upon me that most vaudeville folk are like that.

"Then my young yearnings shifted from the amorous to the saintly. I went around looking for a simon-pure Galahad on a milk-white horse."

Miss Claire laughed to think of it.

"You can't find any Galahads if you're a good girl," she said. "The bad girls snap them all up."

Born in Washington, D. C., she was Ina Claire Fagan to begin with. Has starred in many hits—Our Betters, Polly with a Past, Rebound, Biography, and, in the talkies, The Greeks Had a Word for It. She's fun to talk with. Has thoughts of her own. Private troubles are grist to the mill of any actress, she believes. Says she's had plenty troubles. One time she was going through a painful romantic crisis in her private life.

"It was awful," she told me, "yet even in the worst of it I couldn't help saying to myself, 'Ina, you're breaking your heart, but you're learning how to do it on the stage.'"

Ina Claire

I KNOW at least three married couples who can't agree about sleep. In each case it is the wife who says she never gets enough sleep. All the husbands are of the opinion that a little sleep is enough. Thinking it over, I remembered that quite a few famous men—Thomas Edison, Napoleon, assorted others—made a practice of sleeping only four or five hours out of the twenty-four. They believed that more sleep was not good for them. I can't recall any celebrated woman who is known to have been a short sleeper.

Wondering about this, I called up a big medical institution, asked one of the specialists if there are any physical differences which lead us women to want more sleep than the men.

"As far as we know," the doctor said, "there may be very good reasons why women need more sleep. Nature has inclined them toward habits which help them recuperate from the drains upon their energy caused by childbirth and other physiological facts of feminine life.

"Housewives are on their feet more than the average husband. Housework takes more physical energy than office work. And when a man comes home at night he just sits, while his wife goes scampering around the house for an hour or two after supper. Perhaps these are some of the reasons why wives want more sleep than their mates.

"Or they may just be lazier," the doctor added.

A MAN I know declares that he has cured himself of indigestion by learning to eat with chopsticks.

I thought he was kidding me at first, and was surprised to find that he is absolutely serious about it. When I understood his idea, it did not strike me as being altogether loony.

If you ever have tried to eat with chopsticks you will know that they are an influence for leisure and temperance at the table. As a matter of fact you'll be lucky if you get anything at all to eat the first few times you use them.

The mouthful of food that you can pick up from your plate with a pair of chopsticks is necessarily small. There is no chance whatever of shoveling great heaps in at once, as you can with a fork. And chopsticks are slow because they require agility. And somehow or other the acrobatics you are obliged to employ in order to manage them appear to set your teeth a good example. The more you twiddle the sticks the more you chew.

These things considered, there may be a measure of sense in my friend's notion that chopsticks cured his dyspepsia. But I don't think that chopsticks will ever be very popular among people who have to eat in a hurry.

THEY make a wonderful kidney stew in the Burgundy province of France. It is rather rich, with its wine sauce, but truly delicious. Most men adore it.

For it you need 2 veal kidneys, skinned, soaked, dried, and cut into 2-inch pieces. By hook or crook get 3 chicken livers also. Dredge the kidneys and livers with a little flour, fry gently for 10 minutes in 1½ tablespoons best butter, with 2 teaspoons grated onion. Add pepper, salt, 1 bay leaf. Rinse the pan with ¾ cup consommé. Now add 1 cup red wine (claret or cooking sherry). Add also ½ clove garlic and put your stew in a heavy pan tightly closed. Simmer *very gently* for 1 hour. Add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and serve with triangles of dry toast.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, by Stefan Zweig, is a biography well worth reading. (Published by the Viking Press.)

Born *to* Raise

By

TEX O'REILLY

as told to

LOWELL THOMAS

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Villa Takes a Drink with Zapata and Tim McGuire Halts a War—A Conqueror on the Rampage—The Downfall of Villa, and the End of Him

(Reading time: 31 minutes 20 seconds.)

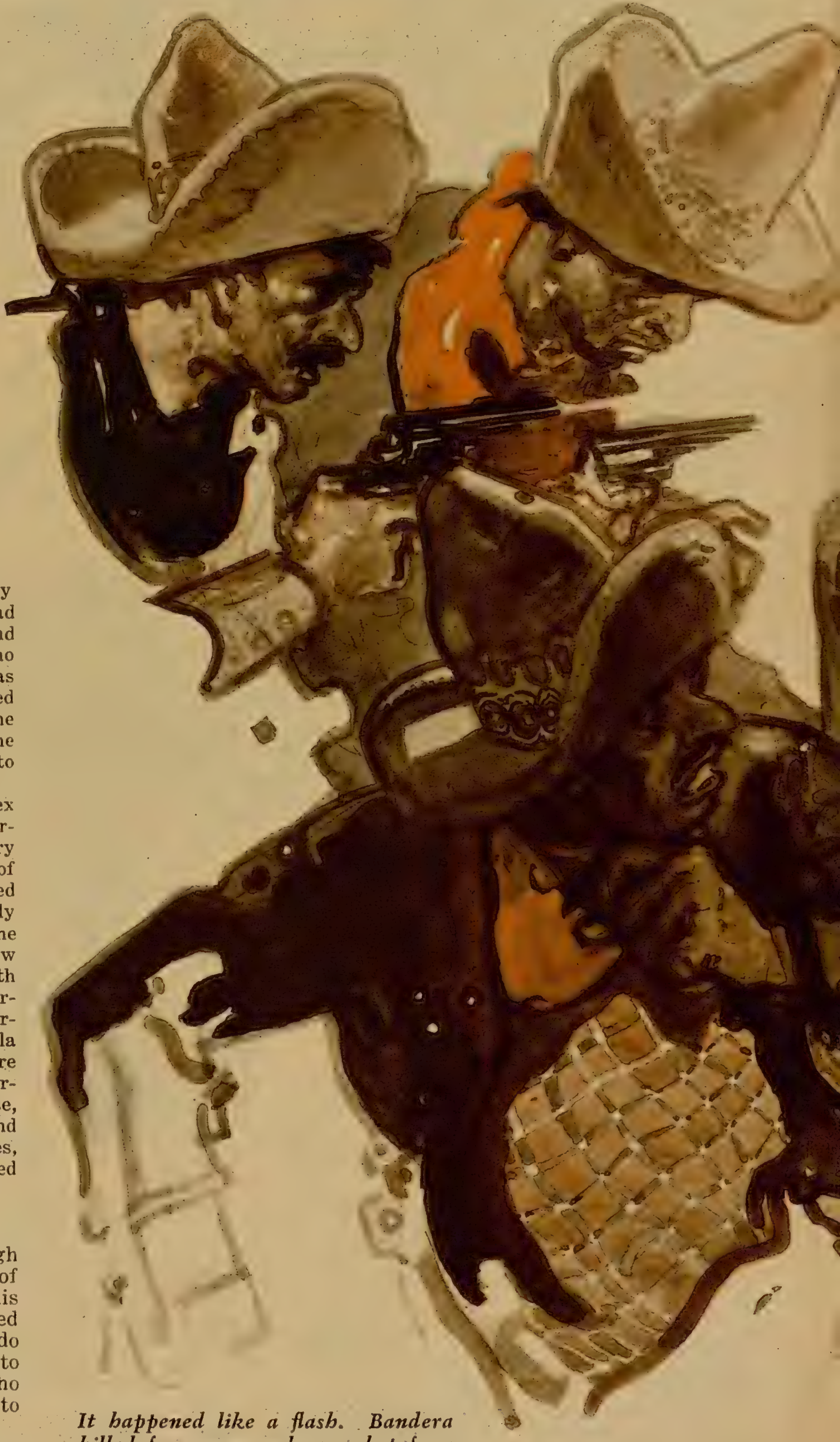
IN last week's installment Tex O'Reilly told of Death Valley Slim, Western bad man turned Mexican revolutionist, and of Slim's grizzled, knockabout partner who fell with him in battle and whose corpse was discovered to be a woman's. Tex also stated what he is convinced are the facts about the "mysterious" death of Ambrose Bierce, the famous American author who wandered into Mexico and vanished.

Together with these bizarre episodes Tex gave a participant's version of that thunder-and-lightning chapter of Mexican history which opens with the betrayal and murder of Madero by Huerta. He told of the imprisoned Villa's escape and comeback, of his masterly captures of Juárez, of his destruction of the remnant of the Federal army. He told how the cranky Carranza kept interfering with Villa, who had won their war. Against Carranza's orders Villa captured Zacatecas. Carranza then thought to kick him out; Villa wouldn't resign. As their quarrel grew more bitter Obregon tried to patch it up, twice fearlessly coming to Chihuahua for that purpose, accompanied only by his staff. The second time, Villa flew into one of his crazy rages, arrested Obregon then and there, and ordered out the firing squad.

PART TEN—THE PATH OF GLORY

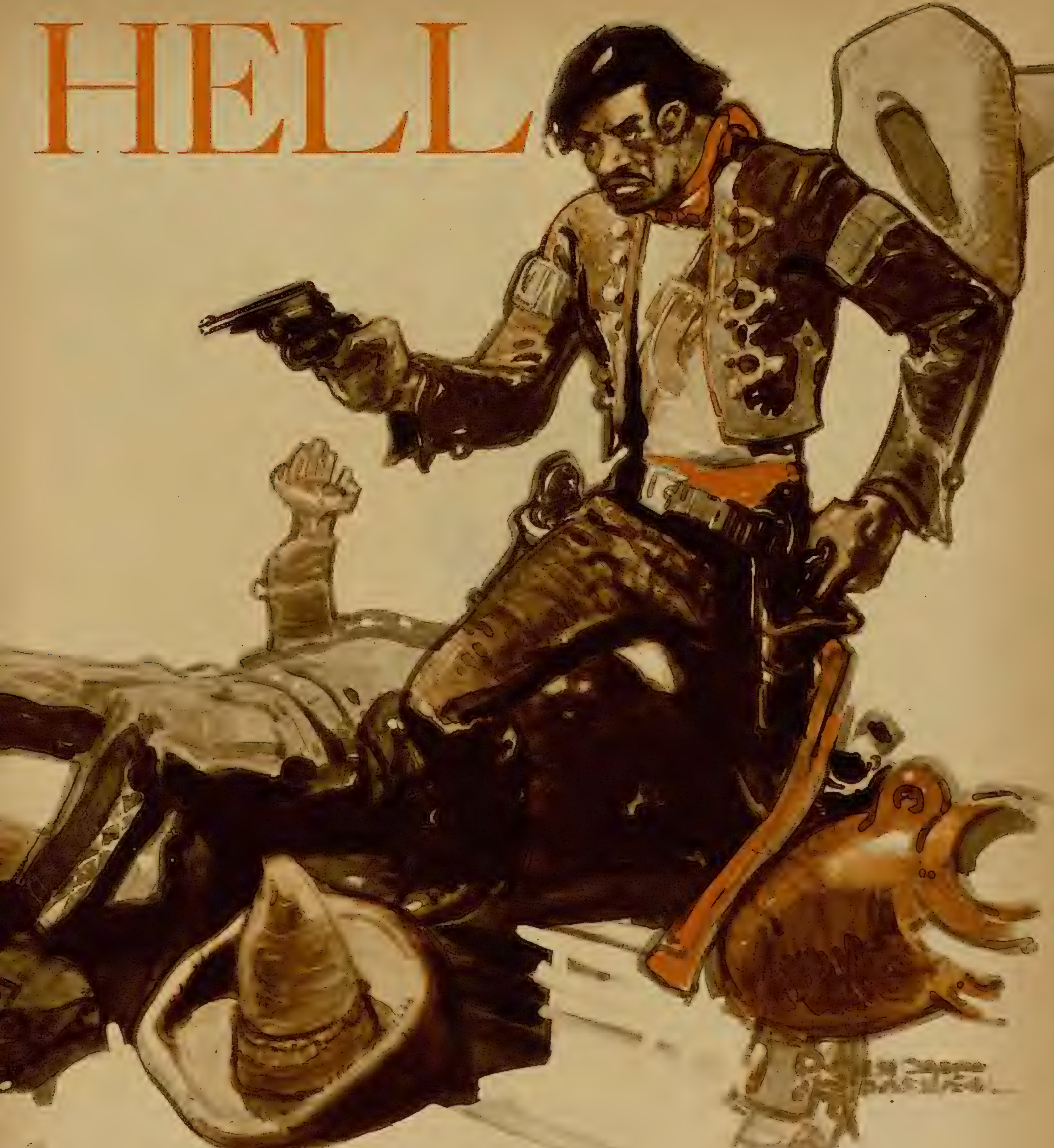
THE news went like wildfire through Chihuahua City. A number of Villa's generals rushed to his house and pleaded and argued with him that he could not do this; that he would throw all Mexico into civil war again if he killed Obregon, who had come there unarmed in an effort to make peace.

Obregon was a prisoner for several hours in Villa's house. The firing squad was



It happened like a flash. Bandera killed four men and was shot four times before you could bat your eye.

HELL



waiting in the courtyard. Twice Villa ordered Obregon executed at once, right there in the yard. I was not in the house at the time, but I was told and I believe that the person who saved Obregon was Villa's wife, Luz Corral. She pleaded and argued and fought with him till finally he consented to let Obregon go.

The train left as soon as he could reach the station, and I went with him. At Jiménez the train was stopped by wire and brought back to Chihuahua City. The station was full of Villa's soldiers, but before the train came in Luz Corral had again persuaded Villa to let us go. We started a second time.

We had almost reached Torreón when a telegram was brought to Obregon. He read it and said:

"This seems to be the finish. I am to be taken off the train at Torreón. Tomas Urbina has orders to execute me there at once."

The train was moving. We could not stop or get off, and in a few minutes we would be in Torreón. It was only four miles. Obregon had with him only six officers of his staff. He came to me, took me aside, and said:

"O'Reilly, this time they intend to kill me before anyone has time to interfere again. They will surround us. There's just a chance they may let you get through. If you can get away, try to reach General Torres, or any other general in Torreón except Urbina. Tell them what's going on. If you can't find them quickly, try to get a wire out to my friends in Chihuahua."

He handed me a big roll of money and said quietly:

" Use this in any way you can." The train was running into the railroad yards in Torreón.

Troops were lined up on either side of the track. The train was stopped two hundred yards from the station. Urbina and several of his officers came aboard and Obregon went to meet them in his shirt sleeves, to show that he was unarmed. If they killed him they would have to murder him. He would make no resistance.

I went along to the front end of the train and started to get off. The troops stuck their rifles in my ribs and ordered me back on board. I walked back through the train and stepped out on the back platform.

The troops stepped up with their rifles and surrounded it. But in command of that company was my old friend Manuel Bustamente. We shook hands, and he said:

" It looks bad for Obregon."

I said, " Well, Manuel, maybe it does, but I have been on this train all day and haven't had anything to eat. This is none of my affair. I want to go down to the station to the Chinese restaurant and get a meal."

" Sure. Go ahead."

I walked out past the troops and up through the yards to the station. I was afraid Obregon would be shot any minute and I had no idea where to look for General Torres. I inquired in the station. Nobody knew where to find him or any of the other officers in Torreón.

I thought of Sternau's Restaurant, where we officers used to eat and sit around the tables and talk. I ran across the Plaza to it, and just by good fortune I found General Torres there with two other officers. I told them what was happening, and they ran down through the railroad yards and reached Obregon's car in time.

That stopped the killing. They would not allow Urbina to carry out his orders. They called Chihuahua City by telephone and for two hours they held the wire, arguing with Villa and bringing pressure to bear on him. Luz Corral got hold of him again, and in the end he was talked into letting our train go on.

Obregon often spoke of that, and in public speeches many times referred to me as the man who saved his life. But in reality it was by good luck and chance that I was able to find Torres in time. Torres and the other generals really saved his life.

NOW it was decided to hold a conference on neutral ground, to evolve if possible some plan for settling such differences, and a convention was called in Aguascalientes, which means in Hot Water.

Armies were scattered all over Mexico. General Buelna, the boy general, twenty-five years old, had a big force in the west. Zapata controlled the south. Villa held all the north. Carranza remained in Mexico City but sent delegates and solemnly agreed to accept the decision of the convention.

Every general officer in the insurrecto armies was supposed to be a delegate at this convention, and those who could not come were permitted to appoint proxies. I had resigned my commission, but I was appointed to represent the brigade of my close friend Toribio Ortega, who had died not long before.

I went to Aguascalientes. But every delegate was required to take the oath of allegiance to Mexico; I would not do that. I have never taken an oath of allegiance to any country but my own, and I never will.

So at the first meeting I made a little speech, thanked them and wished them good luck, and resigned as delegate.

My old friend General Antonio Villareal presided, and for more than two months those delegates argued and orated and wrangled. As time wore on it became evident that the outcome of the convention was not going to please Villa, and his delegation and the Zapatistas wanted to get together.

But neither wanted to lose any advantage by making the first move, so Roque Gonzales Garza, Villa's personal representative, came to me and said:

" Now, O'Reilly, you are not here in any official capacity. You are a foreigner and supposed to be neutral. You give a dinner at the French Hotel and invite us and the Zapatistas. It will be just a friendly meeting and we will have a little informal conference."

I did that. They all came as my guests, and it was a strange gathering. That evening around the dinner table the agreement between Villa and Zapata started.

Finally the convention agreed to elect a provisional president. Old Carranza had never taken that title. He intended to be president.

Before they held this election they brought out a big silk Mexican flag, and every member solemnly wrote his name upon it as a pledge that he would abide by the decision of the convention. Then they elected General Eulalio Gutiérrez provisional president. And two weeks later they were fighting like hell.

When Carranza learned what had been done he absolutely refused to accept Gutiérrez. Then Villa started his march down to Mexico City and Zapata came up from the south.

We went down from the north along the two railway lines, sweeping the Carranzistas out, and came into camp north of Mexico City. Zapata with his forces was camped at Xochimilco, where the floating gardens are. I visited Zapata there, and then slipped into Mexico City.

THAT evening I was at the American Club. There was a rumor that Zapata was somewhere in the suburbs, but I was listening and saying nothing. I had told no one that Zapata was there. Consul General Silliman came in, and they asked him about the rumor. He said:

" No, I have been to the Carranza authorities, and the rumor is positively not true. I have just sent that information by wire to the State Department."

He was a pompous old fellow, always wrong about everything. I thought our State Department should know what was going on, so when I had a chance I spoke to him aside.

" Mr. Silliman, Zapata is in. I have just come from Xochimilco and I saw him there. He is in possession of the water works."

Consul General Silliman puffed himself out and said, " That is positively not true."

He was calling me a liar, but I could not start anything in the club. So I left him.

Next day I went back and reported to Zapata. He asked me how the masses of the people were receiving the news, and I said:

" Why, they don't know you are here. The papers have denied it, the Carranzistas say it isn't true, and everybody believes them."

Zapata was furious. He said, " I'll show them whether I'm here! I'll blow up the water works! "

I saw I had started something I wished I hadn't. I said:

" Thousands of your people are in there, general—thousands of the poor. If you cut off their water it will mean terrible suffering, epidemics, deaths. I would not do that. Here is an idea: You have handbills printed here, and scatter them in the city tonight, announcing that you are here and hold the water works, and by your permission the people may continue to have water, but you will shut it off an hour a day, every morning at ten o'clock. And that will prove that you control it."

It struck him as a joke. He laughed and ordered the handbills. They were posted all over Mexico City, and every morning for an hour he cut off the water supply.

A few days later some of his troops went in and drove out General Lucio Blanco and took possession of the public buildings. I sat up in the church tower watching it, and afterward came down and went into the National Palace.

I met Zapata's brother Eufemio coming down a corridor, his rifle in his hand and his sword clanking at his heels. About a dozen sandal-footed Indians were padding along behind him, and he was drunk and sobbing, tears rolling down his cheeks. I asked him what was the matter. He sobbed:

“ For three years I have sworn that I would take the golden chair of Porfirio Diaz out of this palace, and now that dirty dog Carranza has beat me to it. He took it with him.”

Zapata had sent a committee of his officers to invite Villa to meet him. They had arranged a banquet in the schoolhouse at Xochimilco. We rode over to it, Villa surrounded by his Escolta Eldorade, the Golden Guard.

Zapata came out to meet him. They had a little conference in a side room, and then came together into the big schoolroom where the banquet was served. We sat on benches at bare wooden tables, and the banquet was a few potatoes and beans and coffee. But they brought out bottles of mescal, the fiery Mexican booze, and filled a little glass for everyone.

I was sitting across the table from Villa. Zapata lifted his glass and proposed a toast to peace and Mexico. Villa raised his glass and set it down.

Zapata glared at him and said:

“ General, do you refuse to drink with me to that toast? ”

Villa said, “ General Zapata, I have not tasted liquor in many years. I do not drink. But for you, and to that toast—” He lifted the glass of mescal and drank it down, and that is the only drink I ever saw him take in the years I was with him.

Zapata thanked him and said he had not understood. “ If you do not drink, general, we must provide another way for you to join us in the toasts.” He sent for bottled water, and after that Villa drank the toasts in water.

Then they arranged the grand entry into Mexico City.

For forty-eight hours there had been no law or order in the city. The chief of police was a Carranzista, and Zapata's men had arrested him. There was looting, rioting, and fires, and the committees of citizens came out to urge us to hurry in and restore order.

VILLA had about 50,000 men, Zapata about 18,000. On the morning of the grand entry we marched in three columns, and we were marching in nearly all day.

I had the point on one of the columns. For two miles we marched through the silence of a living city in which everyone was afraid. Not a soul was in the streets. The window blinds of the houses were closed. Every house pretended to be asleep, but every one of them was listening.

We came to the Avenida Francisco Madero, and there in the middle of the street stood one lone policeman in uniform.

He was a stocky fellow with a brown mustache, and his hat sat on his head at a little angle. Our column came riding down to him, and he made a step forward and held up his hand before my horse's nose.

“ You can't pass here.”

I noticed the look of him, and the way he spoke Mexican, badly. So I said, “ Do you speak English? ”

“ And why in the divil shouldn't I? ”

“ What is your name? ”

“ My name is McGuire.”

“ Well, McGuire, I admire your sense of duty, but you are holding up a whole war here, stopping sixty thousand men. You will have to stand aside.”

“ Sure and I can't help it if you're sixty thousand men. You can't pass here. Them's me orders.”

“ Who gave you those orders? ”

“ The chief of police.”

The Mexican officers with me wanted to ignore him and go on, but I stopped them. He meant what he said, and I did not want to see him killed.

“ Don't be a fool, McGuire. You must stand aside.”

“ Oh, I must, must I? And what is your name? ”

“ My name is O'Reilly.”

HE began to laugh. “ To think,” he said, “ of a man by the name of O'Reilly in command of these sandal-foot Indians! ”

“ And does it occur to you how funny it is to see a man by the name of McGuire holding up this war? ”

“ You say your name is O'Reilly? ”

“ You damn' fool, I not only say it is, I know it is.”

“ And why the divil didn't you say so at first? Pass on, O'Reilly.”

So by the grace of God and with the consent of Tim McGuire we took Mexico City.

A week or so afterward he came around and joined our army. Born in Ireland, he had served two enlistments in the American army; he had been in the Cuban campaign and in the Philippines, though I had not met him there. I saw him several times around Mexico City that winter; we had perhaps a dozen drinks together. Then he joined Obregon and I forgot about him. I had no idea that I would ever see him again.

Mexico City was in a turmoil for a while. There were clashes between factions, four or five generals shot each other, and conditions were upset generally.

Zapata's Indians caused a lot of trouble, not so much because they meant to as because they had never been in a city before. Big-city stuff was all new to them. One day there was a fire. The Fire Department came dashing out in the big brass helmets they wear, and Zapata's Indians saw them coming. They charged and killed ten or twelve firemen before they could be stopped. They thought they were warriors attacking the city.

Another time I was going down to dinner in the Cosmos Hotel with a number of Zapata's officers who had met up in my room. Soto y Gama was there, General Serratos, and Juan Bandera, the famous gunman. Bandera had had an argument that day with General Garay about an automobile which Garay had confiscated and Bandera had given back to its owner.

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We all had a drink, and General Serratos went down ahead to order dinner, but the rest of us came down together. We stepped out of the elevator. There was a little landing with a flight of six marble steps going down to the level of the lobby, and I saw General Garay and his staff at the bottom of those steps. He said, "Juan, come here," and I saw a gun in his hand.

It all happened like a flash. I had no gun, and dropped behind the marble banister. Bandera leaped through the air down that flight of six steps and he killed four men and was shot four times before you could bat your eye, the quickest thing I ever saw. And I have just a vague picture of that lobby.

A number of people had been peacefully sitting there. One was a fat pompous American salesman who had been making fun of Mexican officers and saying that one Chicago policeman could clean out the whole bunch. He was dancing all over the lobby, hugging a big grandfather's clock to his paunch, trying to keep the clock between him and the bullets. Another fellow made a dive over the back of a sofa and landed in an ornamental pool full of goldfish and little alligators.

When the flurry subsided we took Bandera up to his room. Four bullets had hit him but no bones were broken, and in a couple of hours he came down and had dinner with us.

After dinner the manager of the hotel took me aside and said:

"I am in a peculiar and delicate position. There is a wounded man in the kitchen. If he is found he will be killed, and I may be blamed and shot. Now, you are with these fellows, and can you help me out?"

I went back to the kitchen. The cook pointed out to me an immense Mexican chest standing against the wall. I lifted up the lid, and a captain of Garay's staff was lying there, shot in the leg. He had been there ever since the fight and they had been afraid to look in the chest. I gave him a bottle of water to drink and he stayed there till everyone had gone to bed; then by my orders they took him out and let him escape.

Villa was the big boss at that time, the conqueror of Mexico. He never wanted to be president, but he could have put anybody in that office. He wanted to make General Félipe Angeles the president; he always loved Angeles, almost worshiped him because he had remained loyal to Madero, had fought for him, and tried to save him. But Villa destroyed himself and Angeles by a series of stupidities.

He had dinner one night in the fashionable French restaurant of Mexico City. The cashier was a beautiful Mexican girl. On his way out Villa handed her a fifty-peso note and ordered her to come to his house that night. That was his winning way in his courtships. The girl was terrified. She appealed to the proprietor of the restaurant, and he and his wife hid her.

NEXT day Villa walked in and demanded her, and the Frenchwoman would not tell him where she was. She called him every name she could lay her tongue to, and Villa had her arrested and thrown into jail. The French Chargé d'Affaires protested, and Villa threw him out of the office. The foreign diplomats joined in a protest, and he told them to go to hell, he was running Mexico.

That was the kind of action that ruined Villa. He was uneasy in Mexico City, surrounded by foreign diplomats and official formalities; he was out of his element and he knew it and it enraged him. He said to himself, "These gentlemen think they can look down on me, but, by God, I'll show 'em who's boss!"

On Christmas Eve I came into my hotel and found a telephone message asking me to come at once to the American Club around the corner. There was rioting in the streets that night, our troops were out putting it down, and fighting was under way within a couple of blocks. The message gave me an idea there was something wrong and I went around to the club immediately.

An excited meeting was going on. About forty Americans were gathered there. Paul Hudson, the American editor of a paper printed in English, the Mexican Herald, had been arrested by Villa's orders and it was reported that he was to be shot next morning.

I thought probably he would be. They told me he had strongly supported Huerta in his paper, and had made a trip to the States in Huerta's behalf. That was, of course, his business; he had every right to support Huerta if he wanted to. But I had no doubt that Villa would shoot him.

The Americans had been trying to save him. There was no American Minister to Mexico. The other ministers had tried to reach Villa and he refused to see them. The Americans had appealed to his staff officers, who would do nothing, saying that if Villa had Hudson he would probably kill him and they could not stop it.

The Americans had sent for me to ask if I could do something. I had never heard of Hudson before, but I always try to help an American. I told them:

"Well, I cannot promise anything. Villa will do as he wants to. But I can see him, and I will go in to him and present the case and do what I can."

That was more than any of them could do. But I said:

"There is just one thing I want to ask. I don't know this town. Villa has moved to a private house this afternoon and I have not been there yet. I don't know how to find my way around, and the rioting is pretty bad tonight. I want one of you to volunteer to come with me as a guide."

WE could hear the fighting in the streets, and there was just a brief little hesitation but not long enough to show how many of them would have volunteered, because old General Agramonte stepped up.

"I will be glad to go with you. Just a minute till I get my pistol."

General Horace Montgomery y Agramonte was then eighty-five years old. He was an American, but he had lived in Cuba and Mexico so long that he used his mother's name as the Spanish do. His father's name was Montgomery, his mother's Agramonte.

He was still a fighting old general, the very picture of a soldier. He looked about fifty, hale and hearty, carried himself well, stepped out briskly.

He came back and we went out and got a carriage. There was fighting all around us—street rioting. At one place we had to go through a line of fire, and had trouble forcing our *cochero* to proceed.

We arrived at Villa's house and went in. I was an officer on his staff, and had no difficulty in seeing him at any time, of course. I was careful with him because I knew if he went into one of his fits of rage nobody but Luz Corral would be able to save Hudson, and maybe she wouldn't be. He was very angry and at first refused to listen to a word about Hudson.

"He has worked against us all the time. He worked here in Mexico and he went to Washington for that traitor and murderer. I am going to execute him."

I said, "Well, general, of course that is your business. But you are in control of Mexico City now. We are no longer in the field, and at this time the very worst thing you can do for your own cause is to throw an American in jail and shoot him. It is all right if you want to bring charges against him and try him. That is your privilege. You are in command here. But he must be tried according to law. You cannot take an American into a back yard and shoot him like a dog. If you do you will have all the foreign diplomats lined up against you from the start."

He walked up and down the room, back and forth, while we sat there, and finally he turned and said:

"Good! I will tell you what I will do. I am going to try him, but I will release him in your custody. If you do not have him here when I want to try him I will shoot you."

That old bird would do it. It was just the kind of thing he would do. He was that kind of man. I had never seen Hudson in my life, had never heard of him before.

I turned to General Agramonte and said:

"General, you know Mr. Hudson. Would you take him on those terms?"

He said, "I would guarantee Mr. Hudson's word with my life."

So I said to Villa, "All right, give me an order for his release."

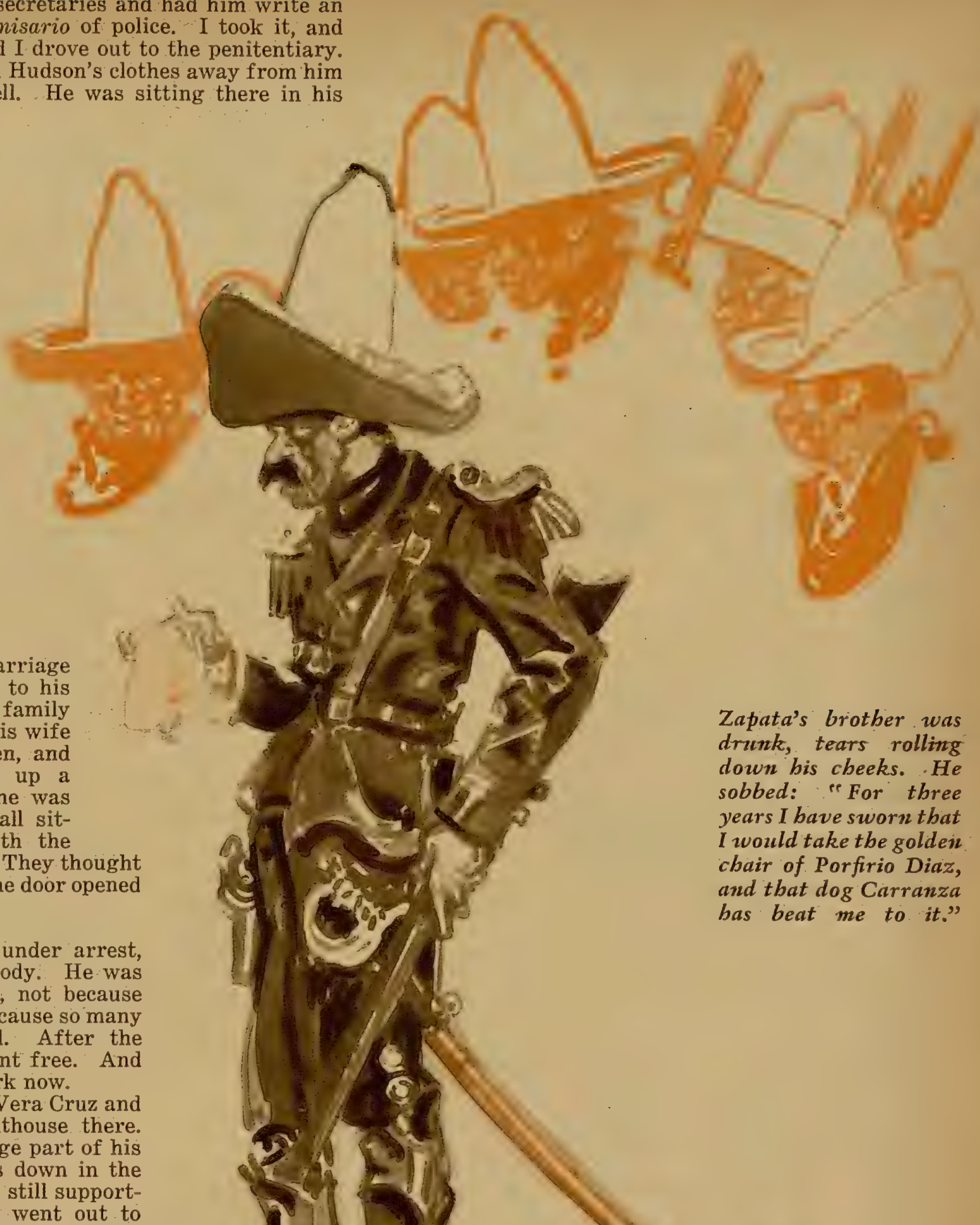
He called one of his secretaries and had him write an order to the fourth *comisario* of police. I took it, and General Agramonte and I drove out to the penitentiary.

The guards had taken Hudson's clothes away from him and locked him in a cell. He was sitting there in his underdrawers, waiting to be shot in the morning.

I demanded that the guards fetch his clothes and the little personal belongings they had taken away from him, but Hudson said:

"Never mind that. Just get me out. Never mind waiting for clothes, just get me out of here. That's all I want. I just want to get out."

I took a blanket and we wrapped him in it and put him in the carriage and drove across town to his house. He had his family there in Mexico City, his wife and three little children, and they had been fixing up a Christmas tree when he was arrested. They were all sitting there crying, with the tree left half trimmed. They thought he was dead, and then the door opened and we brought him in.



Zapata's brother was drunk, tears rolling down his cheeks. He sobbed: "For three years I have sworn that I would take the golden chair of Porfirio Diaz, and that dog Carranza has beat me to it."

FOR months he was under arrest, released in my custody. He was never brought to trial, not because Villa forgot him, but because so many other things happened. After the Battle of Celaya he went free. And he is living in New York now.

Carranza had fled to Vera Cruz and was living in the lighthouse there. Obregon had held a large part of his army together and was down in the lower country. He was still supporting Carranza. Zapata went out to meet him and they fought the Battle of Puebla. Obregon took the town.

I was still in Mexico City with Villa. He was in complete control of the capital and commanded by far the largest army in Mexico. But he was baffled and exasperated by all the political intriguing and maneuvering. He was impatient and uneasy. He had installed the provisional president, Gutiérrez, but he never liked him. One day Gutiérrez got scared and skipped out.

I came into the hotel that evening and saw a man I knew, Roque Gonzales Garza, sitting there eating dinner. I stopped at his table and said:

"Hello, Roque. I hear Gutiérrez has skipped. Who'll be president now?"

He said, "I am. Congress elected me this afternoon."

Villa was fed up with it all. One day on an impulse he ordered out a military train and started to make a trip up through the country around Guadalajara. As staff officer, I went with him. Luz Corral was on the train, and Villa was in his element again. But when the train pulled out of Mexico City he was leaving the peak of his success behind him. All the rest of the way was downhill.

We went up to Guadalajara on the military train and stayed there some little time. While we were there Obregon came back. A number of officers of the southern army joined him, and he swept into Mexico City and occupied it. Villa went north to Chihuahua, his old stamping ground. There he gathered his forces and started south again. Obregon had organized his army and was coming up to meet him. They met at Celaya.

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Both of them had been fighting for years. Obregon had gone down the west coast of Mexico; Villa had conquered the north. Neither of them had ever been defeated.

I was thirty miles away when the fighting began, and I did not reach the battlefield till that night. Floyd Gibbons was there; he had gone down for the Chicago Tribune. He told me all about the fight that night. But I could not get there in time to be in it.

Obregon had fortified the irrigation ditches. He kept his men down in them and let Villa wear himself out. Again and again Villa sent his infantry in, and he led cavalry charges time after time. It was a bad slaughter. When Villa's forces were pretty well used up Obregon charged and drove them back.

A shot had smashed the bones in Obregon's right hand. He lost so much blood that he could not stay in the saddle, so he got a horse and buggy and rode back and forth, directing the battle.

Villa backed up, Obregon came on. He did not stop to have his hand dressed and it became infected. Two or three weeks later the armies met again at Silaso. Obregon was crippled then, his arm had just been cut off, but he was able to keep going, and he defeated Villa again.

Then Villa's officers began to desert him and he retreated into Chihuahua.

Obregon brought Carranza back into Mexico City and installed him as provisional president. Villa's power was declining, most of his officers went home, and his men were scattering. Gradually the Carranzistas pressed northward and took Chihuahua. Villa, with his remaining army, crossed the Sierra Madres into Sonora, a terrible trip, and came north to attack Agua Prieta.

MEANWHILE the United States had closed the border to Villa. A pipe line crossed from the American side into Mexico, and Villa struck for that pipe line and got it. His men crossed the desert and he was relying on that pipe line for water. But on the other side of the border the American troops had cut the pipe line.

There was no drinking water for Villa's soldiers. They attacked Agua Prieta and they fought there for three days without water. If Villa could have won just one more of his old-time victories he might have rallied his army again. He could not do it. He lost a great many men and could not take the town.

General Calles, the ex-schoolteacher, was the man who defeated him at Agua Prieta.

He brought the remnant of his men back into Chihuahua through Pulpit Cañon Pass, a sorry, defeated, exhausted bunch. They were camped in northwestern Chihuahua when a bunch of Mexicans crossed the border from Los Palomas, went into Columbus, New Mexico, at night, shot up the town, and killed a number of Americans. This was the famous Columbus raid. Villa was blamed for it, and Pershing was sent into Mexico with orders to get him dead or alive.

Now, I was not there. I had had to go to work again to earn a little money for my family, and I was down in Sonora in command of a company of Pima Indians, taking silver ore out through the Yaqui country for a mining company. But I would stake my life that Villa had nothing to do with that raid.

I knew Villa. Undoubtedly he would pull off a raid like that in one of his rages. But if he did he would not deny it. I talked with him later, and I talked with many other Mexicans who were with him that night, and I am convinced he did not do it.

VILLA told me that the man who raided Columbus was General Rodriquez. It is known that Rodriquez was there. Rodriquez had gone to school in the United States. He was a rabid gringo hater; he hated Americans. One of his own men killed him soon after the Columbus raid. Villa told me that he himself was camped in Janos that night and knew nothing about the raid. He spoke of three Americans whom he had detained over that night; they could corroborate what he said, if I could find them. He did not know their names, but knew one was a dentist.

I tried to trace them, but have never succeeded.

When Pershing went in Villa's men scattered and he took to the hills. All Mexico resented the invasion of American troops, and a number of our soldiers were killed, some by the Carranzistas. Pershing was ordered to halt, and was held motionless for months by order from Washington. At that time it was fairly well known where Villa was. He had a cut on the leg which became badly infected and he was lying helpless in the little town of Coyame. An American doctor was treating him.

That was in 1916. I did not see Villa again until 1920. I was then inspecting officer in the Texas Guard, and I was in El Paso when he came up to attack Juárez.

The American troops were positively not going to permit any more shooting across the border, but officials were hoping to prevent a fight. I was asked if I could get in touch with Villa. I knew some of the old Villistas in Juárez, so I put on civilian clothes, crossed the border, and they took me to Villa.

We met at the little town of Moctezuma and I talked to him a long time that night. I told him there'd be no play business this time; if one shot went across the river American troops would attack him. I said:

"You cannot possibly take Juárez. If you defeat the Carranzistas, they will shoot across the river and you will have American troops to fight."

He said:

"You can tell General Irwin that I shall attack from the north and the south. Not one of my shots can possibly go across the river. If there is shooting at American soil the Carranzistas will be doing it."

I tried to tell him that nobody was going to stop to ask where the bullets came from.

"I tell you if one bullet strikes American soil, American troops will be in here and after you."

He went into one of his rages and said he didn't give a damn, he was going to get those Carranzistas. Nobody could talk to him any more.

Next day he came in. He drove in as he had said he would, from north and south. None of his shots could go wild across the river. That night he had taken nearly two thirds of Juárez and was in the business district. The Carranzistas saw that they were defeated.

At the bend of the river they held the little fort of San Antonio. The garrison turned and fired across the border into the American troops.

That ended it. American artillery opened up on Villa and American troops crossed. Villa backed out and escaped. It was his last fight on the border, and I never saw him again.

Not long afterward the Mexican government made a treaty with him through Obregon and he was given a big ranch near Parral, his birthplace. He settled his old followers there and hired a graduate of the University of Michigan Agricultural School to organize his farm of 200,000 acres. He put in irrigation systems, electric-light plants, all modern machinery.

For two years he was busy with his ranch and at peace with the government. Of course there were numerous attempts on his life; he had many bitter enemies. One day he transacted some business in Parral and started home in his car with his secretary and three men. On the road to his ranch there is a right-angled turn where a car must almost come to a stop, and three little abandoned dobe huts stood at that turn. His enemies were waiting in those huts.

THE car was found riddled with bullet holes. Every man in it was dead. There were eleven bullet holes through Villa's body—one through his heart; he was hanging over the side of the car, his six-shooter gripped in his hand.

Obregon's fight against Carranza was brief. After all that Obregon had done for the stubborn old troublemaker, Carranza tried to kill him. Obregon had a most sensational escape through the streets of Mexico City. He got away, and soon came back with 50,000 men, and that ended Carranza's régime.

Then there was the little de la Huerta revolution against Obregon. This Huerta was quite different from old General Huerta. He was an able Mexican politician.

Obregon was then President of Mexico. He defeated de la Huerta and drove him out. Today he is teaching voice in Hollywood.

I was writing for magazines at the time, and after the rebellion I went down to Mexico for a series of special articles. Obregon and his charming wife entertained me royally in Chapultepec Castle. The only sadness was that he could never play the piano any more.

He opened all the files of the State Department to me, and I had certified copies made of many documents. Most of the stuff was too dangerous to use.

Of course certain influential interests are always exerting pressure in this country for war with Mexico. We once missed it only by the narrowest margin.

IT was while Hughes was Secretary of State. Denby was Secretary of the Navy, and young Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary. Obregon's government had been recognized, conditions were peaceful, and a commission was at work adjusting all American claims against the Mexican government.

There was a dock workers' strike in Tampico, but the strike did not involve us in any way. No American lives were threatened. It was purely an internal Mexican labor trouble. But at this time it happened that Saturday, Sunday, and Fourth of July all came together, making a long week-end, and all the cabinet members except young Roosevelt had left Washington, leaving him the ranking official.

Suddenly there came a flood of telegrams appealing for immediate help at Tampico, saying that trouble was spreading, American lives were threatened. This was exaggerated. Roosevelt ordered three warships to Tampico—one from Havana and two from Guantánamo Bay.

All Mexico was up in arms instantly. The Mexican authorities swore they would not submit to another armed American invasion of Mexico. Two troop trains were rushed to Tampico to meet the warships. Those two forces were rushing together. Americans at home knew nothing about it; Mexicans knew that when they met the war would begin.

By pure chance, Secretary Hughes returned to Washington Sunday evening. Mexican labor leaders had telegraphed to Samuel Gompers, and Gompers got hold of Hughes and told him the situation. Hughes got busy and stopped two of the warships at sea, by wireless, but the third was just entering Tampico Bay. They ordered its commander to salute the Mexican flag and back out.

That was one of the stories that never got into the papers. If Secretary Hughes had extended his week-end vacation to Monday morning, the United States would have had a war on its hands.

With Tex O'Reilly's enthralling account of his service in Morocco, as an officer of the Spanish Foreign Legion, against Abd-el-Krim, Born to Raise Hell will be concluded in Liberty next week.

Happy legs are here again—thanks to these

Extra Long Stretch PARIS GARTERS

Encircle six legs easily — yet fit one leg perfectly. No binding—no slipping. A new deal in garter comfort and value. Remember: Long stretch, *long lasting* Steinweave Elastic is found only in Paris Garters. No extra charge for this extra value.

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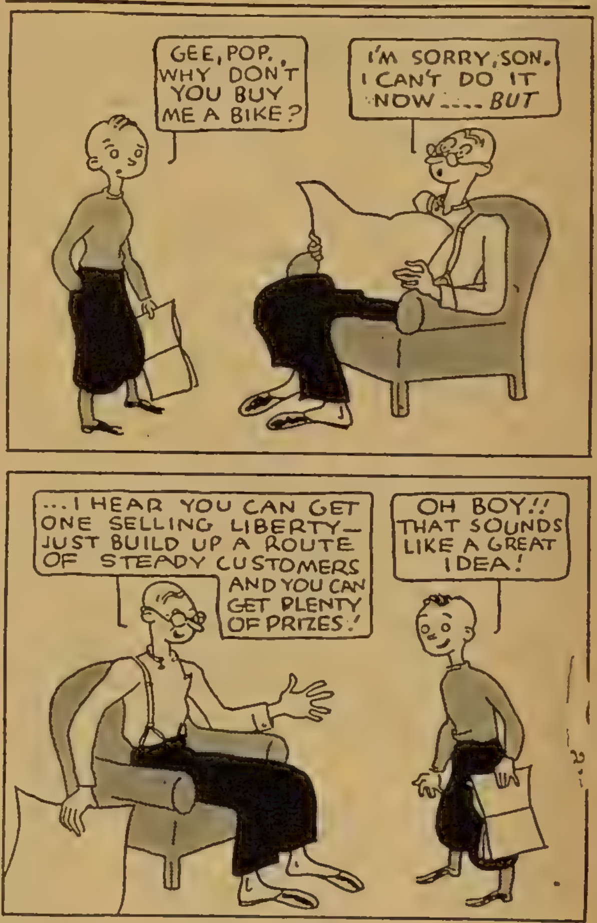
GEE, POP, WHY DON'T YOU BUY ME A BIKE?
I'M SORRY, SON. I CAN'T DO IT NOW..... BUT
...I HEAR YOU CAN GET ONE SELLING LIBERTY— JUST BUILD UP A ROUTE OF STEADY CUSTOMERS AND YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF PRIZES.
OH BOY!! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA!

L. 6-3-33

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Paderewski

VOX

Take It Along When You Go for a Walk on Your Next Day Off

WALTHAM, MASS.—All the states in the Union, scandal-sheet readers, shrewd down-homers, school-teachers, even the gentlemen with itchy feet, have been heard from—but now, dear readers, a letter carrier writes in.

And he says that Liberty is one of the few magazines that we like to deliver.

It lies flat, is compact and easy to handle. The print is plain, no waste room or words, and anyone, educated or not, finds it easy to read.

I have been reading Liberty for quite a few years, ever since I lost first prize for not selecting Liberty for the name of your magazine. Keep it up. It's worth the money.—*Firpo.*

Perhaps Diana Likes Those Machine-Made Boys

EDMONTON, ALTA.—Ever since I stumbled across your cockeyed magazine my gall has given me trouble. In an incredibly ingenious manner you play off one against the other: be it Theodore Dreiser heaping curses upon himself from the railroads, movies, and guardians of morals; be it Jay Franklin blowing stench out of Washington or other blessed places; or be it Ed Halyburton crying, "Woe!" and all indignant Germans totter, tremble, and then curse.

The Wilhelmstrasse is humming, sobbing, sweating, and then surprised. The costly research yielded a ponderous volume, but Socrates is none the wiser.

"Ed," you say, "now it's your turn again." Ed jumps up and makes Doktor Fonck spit fire and writhe with fury.

"Well, it's too bad. I'm sorry," dear Editor grunts while his old dear heart goes pitapat with joy. "But we'll give the Germans a laugh and get the French now. Ex-Legionnaire 1384, tell our people how cruel the *French* are." Everybody listens attentively and arrives at the conclusion that only Americans are civilized and humane.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the French mutter. "Those Boches throwing dirt again?"

"Come on," dear Editor encourages. "Give our readers your side. Colonel Frank E. Evans, we should be charmed if you could oblige us. We shall supply the necessary material." Presently Wine, Women, War, and Work pops up. Everything is smoothed up again "and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"Ouch! What have I done?" moans dear Editor. "We must have storm, but now 'the storm is in his rout.' Blow, Diana Bourbon, blow! Peace and rest dare not be ours."

Xanthippe, dear old spouse of Socrates, you couldn't have been worse. Those wailing strains of an exasperated mother made me set a suffering cat before me to counteract the dire effect.

Bringing Up America, in the April 15 Liberty. May I include Canada too? I believe I was one of those children Diana Goddess-of-the-Hunt Bourbon wrote about.

Before I finished my eighth grade my Victorian mother caught me petting a neighboring friend while she showed a visiting maiden aunt into the parlor.

Pop had once upon a time studied or consumed beer—I don't know which—in Heidelberg. I was shipped over there. I didn't know a word of German. Prussian methods were applied. Prussic acid couldn't have been worse. Constant supervision. I was even taken out "for walks." When enrolled in a gymnasium I beat their pupils hollow. I did know—what Diana so vehemently denies—more authors, painters, composers, statesmen than Fritz or Hans.

After I knew enough German I beat the rules and took a charming girl to the castle ruins. Herr Professor Schulz came snooping around in search of me and—buzz—papa was notified that due to scandalous behavior I could no longer stay there.

Dear maiden aunt saw to it that I went to England, more conservative than Germany. No tieless neck was tolerated. Black suit, white shirt, silk hat—a veritable donkey—a broad *a*, and Spanish etiquette. But I had stood enough donkey business. Pop received an ultimatum—and home I went. European education. It's a laugh. If you want a docile, polished mule or machine, send your boy to Europe.—*E. H. Klause.*

Alex Must Have Scrubbed Out a Few G I Cans Himself

NEW YORK CITY—In the April 15 Vox Pop, Will Rader of State College, Pennsylvania, vehemently objects to Rob Wagner's review of Lee Tracy in Private Jones—the objection being that, contrary to the review, Lee Tracy had not died a hero but was last seen very much alive doing K. P. and wearing his D. S. C.

Now I ask you, friend, do you call that living?—*M. Alexander.*

Sez You!

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Five Slays, not Five Days, is the title to the serial just killed. Mary, the sweetest character, cut adrift with Swazey and lost forever!

No weddings performed by the Bish, and Payton left to return to his pugilistic spouse, and Beadle cheated out of his scrap with Milton Sands. Five Slays—it slays me, making Six.—*T. E. L. Taylor.*

T. E. L. Taylor

The Line Forms on the Right

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Permit me to explain what afforded me the greatest laugh of the month. My sense of humor is not perverted, I assure you—but the amusement I derived from Peggy Fears' statement to Princess Kropotkin telling us that tall blonde girls are passé is unbounded. Perhaps I should resent that, being tall and blonde myself—but no; it is too funny.

No doubt the petite princess thinks it is so, too—seeing's how she printed it in her April 22 page. Come, come—now I must assure you it is not so.

To prove it, dear princess, do dine with me, and if by nine o'clock at least seven eligible young men have not phoned me asking me out, I'll buy you a Molyneux model. Is it a bargain?

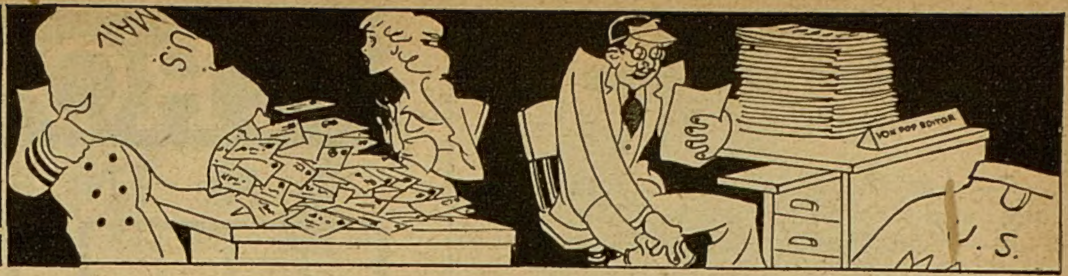
And now, princess, did at one time a gorgeous tall willowy blonde "do you wrong"?—*Elaine Webster.*

You Seem to Be Carrying On

DAYTON, OHIO—Am one of Uncle Sam's disabled boys and an ardent reader of Liberty.

I woke up the other night. There were four orderlies on their knees beside my bed. "What the—what are you guys looking for?" I said. "We want Liberty or death!" they whispered. Can you blame them? They are soldiers, as I am. Hoover relieved them of their hope of the bonus. Franklin relieved them of their compensation. They ain't got enough left to buy Liberty.—*Chris George Erickson.*

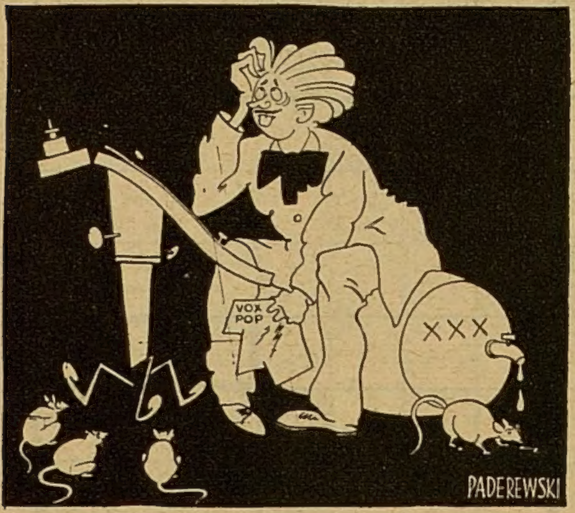
POP



It Keeps One Brewery on Double Shifts to Supply Paddy

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I'd like to ask the editor of Vox Pop a couple of questions.

Who is this bird Paderewski that draws the cartoons for your page? Is he the long-haired gazabo that pounds the ivories and was once a prime minister, now knocked over by the depression and taking up drawing?



How does he get that way? Does his inspiration come from 3.2, or Maryland rye or maybe the good old Mountain Dew? It must be something!

I'll bet he has long hair, lives in a garret, and sits on a keg of brew with a convenient siphon to tap when he needs ideas. Outside of that everything is all right. Love and kisses.—*Left Bank.*

We Give Up, Too

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—None of the hardened sinners in these parts possesses the familiarity with lascivious symbolisms which the Rev. J. Fred Foley in Vox Pop of April 29 enjoys, so please let them in on what he found indecent about the March 25 Liberty cover.—*A. P. Julian.*

What Keeps 'Em Awake in the Forest City

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I can't help remarking about Trude Takes a Tumble, by John Lebar, in your May 6 issue. My grinning to myself would have looked foolish if anyone had walked into my room.—*Nat Smith.*

A Suggestion for Taking Care of the Veteran Problem

MARBLE FALLS, TEX.—Your editorial, Slicing the Veterans' Pay, in the April 29 issue, was excellent.

Some weeks ago I wrote our Congressman, the Hon. Thomas Blanton, suggesting that the wartime county councils should be called together in the several counties to investigate those veterans who are now drawing compensation and those applying for such in the counties, weed out the fakes, slice such compensations as were not in line with the service rendered, and allow deserved compensations.

Of course many of the original personnel of the councils will either be deceased or moved away from the localities. This can be amended by appointments of others to make up a full board.

These county councils are conversant with the veterans living within the jurisdiction of the several councils and would be able to do such work intelligently.

Of course this plan will have to be properly investigated as to its feasibility, but it would hasten the work, divide the labor, and be fair to the veterans.

As I am a very old subscriber I do not feel any compunction in writing you. It is seldom I indulge in this pastime, but being one of a family of five, all of whom were in the service, I feel at liberty to do this.—*George Harwood, M. D.*

Old Man Noah Has a Champion

SANFORD, FLA.—I have been a reader of your magazine for several years. I pay special attention to your Twenty Questions. Every week, as soon as I get your magazine, I have a contest with my father and anyone else who happens to be around and is willing to waste time on them. Of course we always answer one or two.

William Wieboldt

You recently asked the question, "Who built the first lifeboat?" You claimed it was someone in sixteen hundred and something A. D. I don't remember his name.

My father says it was Noah. If you will recollect that Noah built his boat some twenty-five hundred years B. C., you will come to the conclusion that he was correct.—*William Wieboldt.*

This Officer Should Know

PASADENA, CALIF. — May I compliment Liberty on its complete but sadly true article Can Our West Coast Be Invaded?—By Captain Myron B. Goldsmith—in the May 6 issue? It shows how plainly the answer is yes.

I find only one incomplete statement. It should have been added that the California National Guard antiaircraft regiment mentioned is also skeletonized, having only one gun battery instead of three (and this equipped with antiquated Model 1918 guns) and two machine-gun batteries rather than four.

The lack of our navy in modern ships, naval bases, and sufficient trained personnel has been stated often lately, but no articles have been presented to the public showing in turn the pitiful smallness of our standing army and its lack of modern weapons. — *A Coast Artillery Officer.*

This Little Lady Liked the Crown Prince Series

RICHMOND, VA. — Congratulations upon your splendid article The Truth About My Life! Every honor and respect is due its noble author, Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany!

I am proud and happy to say that the hearts of thousands of loyal, patriotic Americans beat with love and affection for the people of the beloved Fatherland!

Every intelligent individual must conscientiously agree, after searching the truth, that Germany and her people are worthy of the recognition and respect, as a leading nation throughout the entire world, which they so justly deserve.—*Lena D. Boeff.*

Lena D. Boeff

Just Leave It to Us

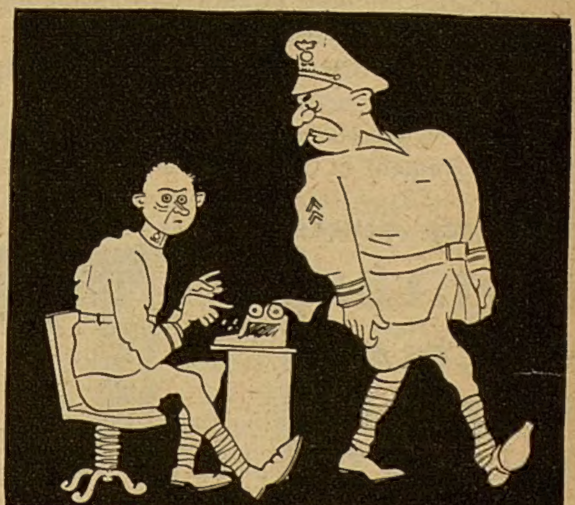
CHICAGO, ILL.—This is the first time I've ever written a letter of recommendation to *any* magazine, and I read a lot of 'em. But, boy! Liberty sure deserves a boost.

Give us more of those hell-bent stories like Five Days, No Parachutes, and Born to Raise Hell.—*D. M. Yerkes.*

These Two Gyreens Were So Sore They Sent This Letter by Air Mail

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI—It was with great pleasure that we read Mr. Liguori's letter to Liberty in Vox Pop of April 22. We admit that the Marines are still trying to prove they can take it—which, incidentally, is better than having given up the job.

In his statement that an empty motor launch came alongside and out stepped two Marine corporals he failed to mention that two thousand gobs laid down their swabs to lick *those* two Marines.



We recommend that he find some private in the Marines to explain the above statement. Two Marines in Haiti—*Corporal Orville Keiter and Private J. R. Dickey, Jr.*

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—Austria, France, Germany, England, and later, Russia, in 1756.

2—West Quoddy Head, Maine.

3—Paris.

4—A soft, usually white, granular, semitransparent form of gypsum, or calcium sulphate.

5—Sirius, the Dog Star.

6—A small herring-like fish, with snout projecting beyond the wide mouth, frail bones, and oily, tender flesh.

7—A poisonous tree of the mulberry family, native to Java and the Philippine Islands.

8—At Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1633.

9—An act of Parliament in 1774 closing the custom house of the port of Boston, in retaliation for the Boston Tea Party.

10—Caledonia.

11—October 3, 1914.

12—A people inhabiting the northwest part of the Caucasus.

13—A rising of Indians and half-breeds, led by Louis Riel, in Saskatchewan in 1885.

14—An inclosed water area in the Orkneys, off the north coast of Scotland.

15—An American actor famous for his playing of Shakespearean rôles.

16—Robert Browning.

17—It is used to designate the common run of humanity.

18—An English novelist, often called the father of the modern novel.

19—A period of the French Revolution between 1793 and 1794.

20—Ever Thus to Tyrants. It is the motto of Virginia.

Answer to Chocolate Vitavose question on page 25—*The child who won't eat benefits particularly from Chocolate flavored Vitavose because it supplies an abundance of the factor which stimulates appetite—Vitamin B.*

• Not like ordinary chocolate milk drinks...Send for sample and test it yourself!

The usual powders and syrups which merely make milk taste better do not have the beneficial effects of Chocolate Vitavose.

It is so much more than a flavoring! It supplies appetite-building Vitamin B, iron for the blood and other nourishing factors.

Instead of flavoring the children's milk with just an ordinary preparation, change now to Chocolate Vitavose. You'll be delighted with the improvement in their appetite and weight.

WRITE FOR GENEROUS TRIAL PACKAGE!

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE FLAVORED VITAVOSE

E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dept. 53, 745 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me sample of Chocolate flavored Vitavose and booklet "Understanding the Child Who Won't Eat." I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name..........

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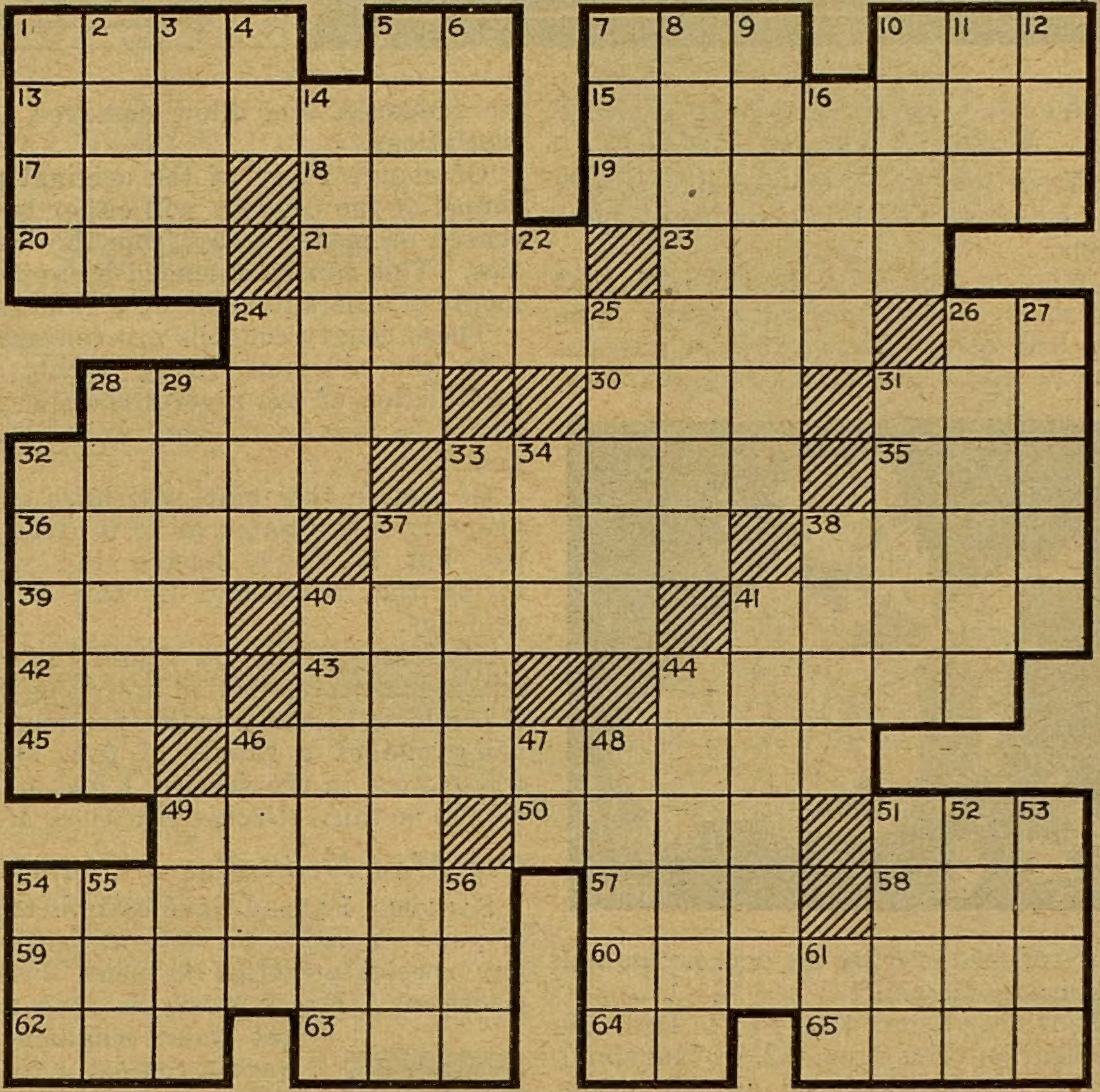
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 That which contains the strength or life
5 Form of to be
7 To frost
10 Cry of a sheep
13 A village of Simcoe County, Ontario
15 Boat propelled by three rowers (plural)
17 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
18 A member of a tribe of Siouan Indians
19 Encroachments
20 Sportive
21 Small mountain lake
23 High
24 Pastor's residence
26 Personal pronoun
28 The final aim or purpose (plural)
30 An avenging spirit in Greek tragedies
31 Edible seed
32 Floats aloft
33 A wanderer
35 Linger
36 Measure of distance
37 Gazes intently, as in reading
38 Overlay, as a road, with a hard substance
39 Cardinal number
40 Subterraneous cavity (plural)
41 More sensible
42 A man's nickname
43 Exist
44 Painful spots
45 Verb suffix
46 Like an opal
49 To applaud
50 A division of time

A	R	A	B		S	L	U	R	S		A	B	E	D
F	I	R	E		P	U	R	I	M		P	O	R	E
A	D	E	N		A	G	A	V	E		I	O	N	A
R	E	A	D	E	R	■	L	E	A	D	S	M	E	N
			E	L	K	S	■	T	R	Y				
A	L		R	A	L	E	S	■	S	E	R	I	A	L
L	O	W	■	M	E	L	O	N	■	S	I	N	G	E
L	O	I	N	■	S	I	R	E	S	■	A	T	O	P
A	S	P	E	R	■	M	E	L	O	S	■	O	N	E
H	E	E	D	E	D	■	R	I	M	E	S		E	R
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P	I	N	N	A	C	E	S	■	W	E	L	T	E	R
O	L	E	O		A	B	A	S	H		L	I	R	E
S	I	A	M		M	A	R	I	A		E	R	I	A
T	A	R	E		P	R	I	N	T		R	E	E	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

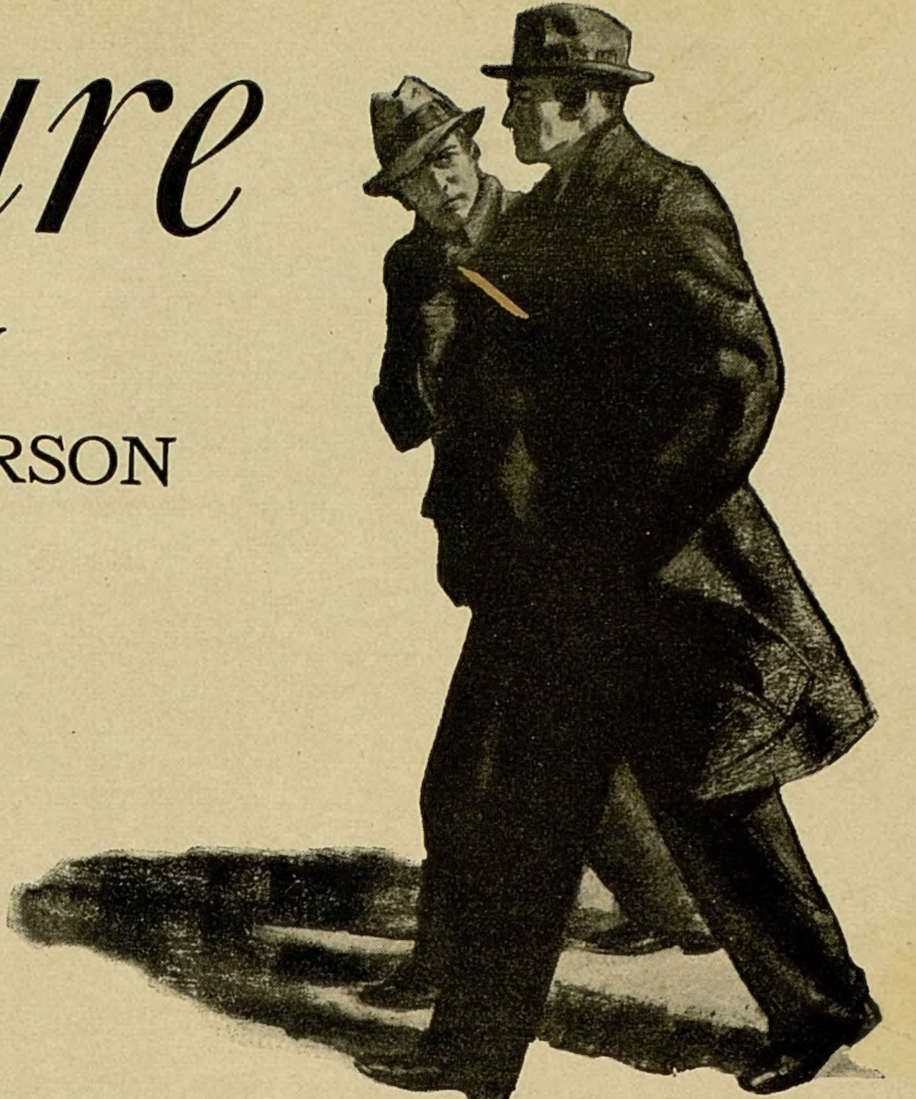
51 Small venomous snake
54 Rasped
57 Lay, as of land
58 One of a Mongoloid tribe of Burma
59 Recluse
60 Having no certain course
62 Gaze steadily
63 Compass point
64 The symbol for an element
65 Went horseback

VERTICAL

1 Substance used to stop a hole
2 An island in the Hebrides group
3 A flat plate with a low rim
4 Personal pronoun
5 Perfume obtained from flowers (plural)
6 A people of northern Africa
7 A son of Bela (I Chron. vii)
8 Choral composition (plural)
9 Violently angry
10 Deity of ancient Semitic races
11 In addition
12 An equine
14 Sums
16 Deal out scantily
22 Not
24 Wan
25 That by which a thing is known (plural)
26 Causes to move by a lifting effort
27 Keenly desirous
28 Won, as in competition
29 Greased
31 Carpenter's tool
32 Struck
33 Fictitious prose narrative
34 Crude metal
37 Ramparts
38 Peel
40 From head to foot
41 More acid
44 Title of dignity next below knight
46 An indefinitely long time
47 Expression of slight surprise
48 A fish (plural)
49 American Indian
51 Tenor violin
52 Declared
53 A copper coin used in India
54 Comprehend
55 To call out
56 River in England and Wales
61 Measure of area

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

The Gesture



A Short Short Story

By LAWRENCE IVERSON

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

"SAY, buddy, have you got a quarter you could spare? I don't want it for coffee nor for hooch, if you'll take my word for it. There's three of us, in one room, and not a thing to eat."

Tom Bryce had been conscious of the man keeping pace with him, and he stopped and looked him over.

"Have you asked for help at some of the relief agencies?" he inquired, studying the man's face.

"Yes, sir, I have. We're being investigated right now. I suppose we may get something if we qualify as worthy and deserving. But my wife is sick and almost crazy. Our boy is only six, and he's starving."

"Gee, that's tough!" Tom Bryce exclaimed, staring at the pinched face and the threadbare clothes. "It's hard on the white-collar fellers, ain't it? You've been getting some pretty bad breaks I guess, Mr. Ridley?"

The man started back, his eyes widening in amazement.

"You know *me!* Say, I—why, sure, I've seen you somewhere. Was it the war? Yes, sir, your face is familiar, all right. Were you across?"

"Yes, I was over there," said Tom.

"Let's see, now—were you an officer?"

"No, I was just a buck—in your company, Lieutenant Ridley. I was Private Bryce."

The man scuffed a ragged shoe on the pavement.

"You're surprised to see me like this now, I guess," he said awkwardly. "You wouldn't think, to look at me, that I was getting a salary of four thousand a year up to ten months ago. We thought we were sitting pretty—my wife and I."

"Nothing is hard to believe in these times," said Tom.

"Bryce!" murmured the man. "I'm trying to place you, Mr. Bryce. I was rather a young feller then, wasn't I? I've been told I was too hard-boiled for any use. But a man changes a whole lot in fifteen years. Nothing very hard-boiled about me now, the way I feel. And you were in my company? Haven't you changed quite a lot in looks, Mr. Bryce?"

"Yes, I reckon I have, Mr. Ridley. But I was pretty sick over there most of the time. I didn't do much about winning the war."

A ruddy flush mounted from the man's neck.

"We most of us made some mistakes, I guess," he said thickly. "I remember now: Thomas Bryce. You were on post when I was O. D., and you wouldn't salute me. Yes, I do remember."

"I was leaning on my gun to keep from falling down," said Tom in a conversational tone. "When you made me come to present arms, I did fall down, you may remember."

"Well, I'm sorry," the man said wearily, and his eyes grew dull. "I didn't have such a hot company, you know. There were some bums in it. I had to watch out for malingerers. I thought you were soldiering on me."

"That's why you had me up in summary court the next day, I reckon—after I spent the night in the guardhouse."

"Yes, that was it. I remember now—you fell down again while the summary court officer was talking to you. I was pretty sure, then, that you were trying to put it over on me."

"They took me to the hospital," said Tom quietly, "and I had brain fever. I was sick at the base hospital ten weeks. When I got out the war was all over."

"Yeah? Well, I can't do much about it now, Mr. Bryce, except to say I'm sorry. I heard about your being sick at the investigation. I got plenty of hell for it. I got busted by a board of officers for being too hard-boiled with my men."

"Yes, I heard something about that afterward," said Tom.

"Well, I must be getting along," mumbled the man, now squirming in torture. "I hope you're getting better breaks now, Mr. Bryce. I was—pretty young then. Pretty much of a damn' fool I suppose. Well, the best o' luck to you, Mr. Bryce!"

"Hold on!" said Tom, touching him on the arm as he turned away. "I'm not nursing a grudge—not all these years! I'm not getting any big breaks myself, but I'd like to send this to your wife and the kid."

He held out a folded five-dollar bill.

RIDLEY stared at the money in wonderment, incredulously, then shook his head in vigorous protest.

"Nothing like that!" he cried. "No, sir, I couldn't."

"But you've no right to refuse it, man—if the wife and kid are hungry," said Tom, and thrust the bill into the clenched hand. "The war's been over a long time, Ridley. Let's shake hands and wish each other best o' luck."

Ridley choked on a sob but clasped the hand that was offered him, then turned and hurried away.

Tom Bryce walked slowly downtown for ten blocks. He was dragging his heels a little with weariness as he turned into the office of a mission.

"Hello!" said a man at a desk. "Back again?"

"Yeah," Tom sighed. "Do you reckon my face is good for a bowl of soup and some coffee?"

"What about the place I sent you to this morning?"

"All O. K.! I worked there all day. Washed all their windows and polished the woodwork and shined up the brass and nickel. The boss gave me five dollars."

"What's all this about soup and coffee, then?"

"Believe it or not, I staked a guy to the five berries just now. He's got a wife and kid, and they're starving. He was a buddy of mine in the war, see?"

"Somehow I don't think you're a liar," said the man behind the desk, "but oh, my God, what a sap!"

"Yeah, I suppose I am," Tom agreed. "But I'd 'a' had to give that money to that guy, if it was the last dough I was ever going to see in this cockeyed world!"

THE END

"I do"
"It's toasted"
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Copr., 1934,
The American Tobacco Co.